

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1878.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT DAYTON, OHIO.



HEADQUARTERS OF SOLDIERS' HOME.

AMERICANS are unlike other people. They move not on ordinary lines when it is possible to move on extraordinary. Intensely earnest, they conceive and execute on a large scale. They are resourceful; their conceptions are new; they are equal to all exigencies; they abound in expedients; they excel in invention. They probably do more by machinery than any other people; they travel and work and write by machinery; machines plow and sow and reap and mow and print and stitch and knit.

The farming in this country is peculiar. Agricultural implements, from a steam gang-

plow to an apple-parer, are so various and perfect, that one man can now do the work of ten by the old methods. The farms are large, containing hundreds, sometimes thousands, of acres. Such farms are often seen in the valleys of the Columbia, Sacramento, and Mississippi. Their vast areas are thoroughly, economically, and profitably tilled.

These peculiarities are not confined to husbandry. They are found in connection with all industries and manufactures. The railroads on this continent exceed, in miles, those of any other country and equal those of all other countries. We distance all

other people in the number, variety, and utility of our inventions.

How shall we account for these peculiarities? Is it because our country is so new, so vast, so unique? Is it not, rather, in connection with these facts, that, descended from the most mixed bloods of the race, and ours, therefore, the best, we have been for two hundred years a self-reliant and self-governing people?

When, seventeen years ago, the hydra of rebellion raised its crested head against the life of the nation, and an army was demanded on the shortest notice, citizens of the several States, from Maine to Iowa, enlisted, organized, and from some of the States reported for duty at the front five hundred miles away, in less than thirty hours. And because a great army was required at once, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of citizen soldiers were soon organized for service. First and last, the Union army numbered two million six hundred and eighty-five thousand five hundred and twenty-five. They came from twenty-two different States, having an area of a million of square miles. They represented twenty-one millions of freemen; they fought for the unity and integrity of thirty millions of people and thirty-four States; they antagonized an army of a million of men, behind whom were twelve States and thirteen millions of people, of whom four and a half millions were slaves. Our military were fighting to recover, to the Union, an area of three-quarters of a million square miles. The lines from east to west were a thousand miles long, besides long reaches made by incursions into the enemies' territories. On so great a theater, with such numbers engaged, fighting, as only American freemen can, for national existence, unity and integrity, the war was one of unprecedented magnitude, and yet all its demands were adequately met. As in the tropics, the growing coffee-plant requires shade and air, and there grows up, spontaneously and quickly, the perfectly adapted trumpet-tree, to afford the needed protection, so with us, the new, great need, found early and sufficient and most marvelous supply. Such an immense army, in its pecu-

liar conditions, required extraordinary provision. No ordinary commissariat could meet all its need with a sufficient and prompt supply. No regular chaplains nor surgical corps could do all the ministering and nursing for soul and body required by so vast an organization. Yet all was furnished, in a new and wonderful manner. What was otherwise impracticable was effected by two grand, twin charities—the sanitary and the Christian commissions. Both co-operated with the military, working and serving together in fullest accord. Both complemented the army organization. The Christian commission added intellectual and spiritual ministry to the nursing and material care, which both alike supplied. They were voluntary organizations, born of Christian and patriotic impulses. The money and the men to administer them came from the self-prompted, self-acting American people. The two commissions raised and disbursed, probably, ten or eleven millions of dollars.

When the war closed, liberal provision was made for the disbanded volunteers. Thousands of the maimed were furnished with artificial limbs. The first year after the war nearly seven thousand artificial members were thus supplied.

Multitudes had fallen on various bloody fields. From many a fatal camp and prison in all parts of the South untold thousands had gone to their long homes. Their remains were carefully gathered up and committed to cemeteries, of which there are in all the country three hundred and eight where the dead soldiers lie. Of these, eighty-one are national cemeteries—

*"Where sleep the brave who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."*

In these national cemeteries two hundred and fifty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven brave, honored soldiers are kept by "the bivouac of the dead."

The spot where each lies has a head-board suitably inscribed, which has been, or is to be replaced with marble. The grounds are adorned and carefully tended. They are inclosed and guarded. The mounds are grass-covered and dressed. For their deco-

ration an annual holiday is observed. A grateful people throng the national cemeteries to honor the patriot dead.

"They deck the turf that wraps their clay,
And there they dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

The national cemeteries are in most of the Southern States. They cover an area of eighteen hundred acres, procured at a cost of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. When completed they will have cost about three and a half million of dollars. Thus the dead volunteers are honored, and thus their memory is cherished. It would be a sad fact, and not in unison with our country's good name, if the maimed, disabled *living* veterans should fail to receive due care and attention. Nor do they. No nation has equaled ours in generous provision for its disabled soldiers. In bounties, wages, and pensions, we have excelled all others. While we have no civil pension list, our military and naval pensioners

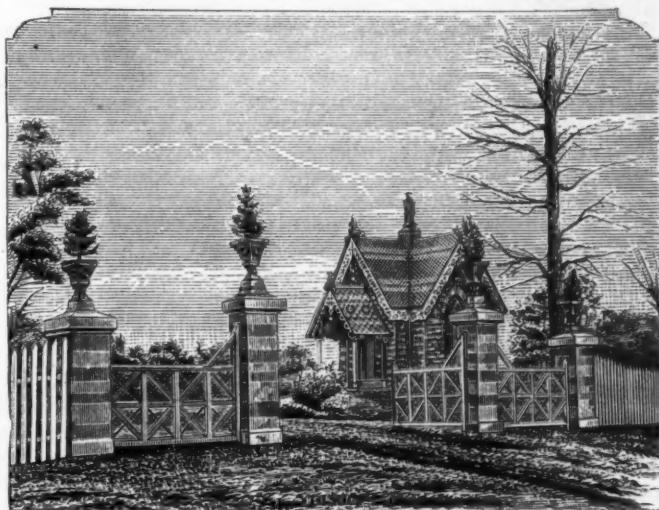
receive annually thirty millions of dollars. Nor does this exhaust our national beneficence.

Soldiers' Homes for disabled volunteers are provided. There are four of these—a central one and three branches. The central one is in Ohio; the branches are at Augusta, Maine; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Hampton, Virginia. And in addition to these, there is in Washington City an asylum for disabled soldiers of the regular army.

Of the branch homes, that in Maine has four large brick buildings, one of which is a hospital. It has, also, a farm of considera-

ble extent, worked by the inmates. Certain manufactures are produced. General W. S. Tilton is the Deputy Governor. Inmates, nine hundred and ninety. Of the Milwaukee branch, General E. W. Hinks is commandant. A farm and garden, of between five and six hundred acres, yield a net annual profit of two thousand and thirty-eight dollars. Inmates, one thousand one hundred and fifteen. The inmates of the southern branch, eight hundred and ninety-one, are mostly colored veterans. Captain P. T. Woodfin is the Deputy-Governor.

The Central Home occupies a commanding



ENTRANCE TO SOLDIERS' HOME—GATEWAY AND LODGE.

eminence about three miles west of the city of Dayton. It is beautifully located, and surrounded by a most charming landscape, overlooking the city and much of the picturesque valley of the great Miami. On the corresponding eminence, east of Dayton, and about five miles from the Home, is the Southern Ohio Insane Asylum. Both are stately monuments of wise and generous Christian philanthropy. In the former, four thousand one hundred and eighty-four veterans, disabled in body or mind, are cared for; the average number, present and absent in 1876, being three thousand and ninety-one;

in the latter, State bounty provides for some seven or eight hundred whose minds are wrecked.

This Dayton Home has some six hundred acres of undulating land, lying nearly

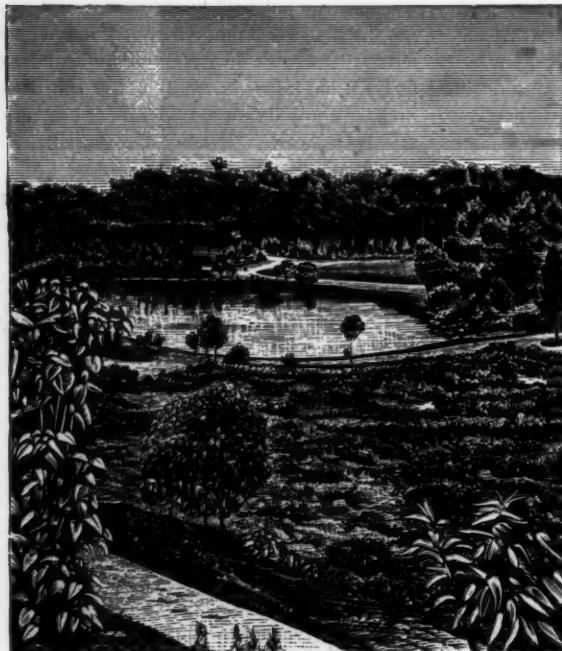
to the elegant collection of buildings already adorning the delightful place. This Home is exquisitely beautiful. It rivals New York's *Central Park* for its lawns, lakelets, bowers, bridges, avenues, and walks; and Brooklyn's *Prospect Park* for its undulations. Imagine either of those far-famed parks, with a hundred buildings added, and nearly four thousand soldiers, some armless, some lacking one or both legs, some with a stiff knee and others with some other defect, all wearing the army blue, and all of them apparently well provided for and contented. It is a great pleasure to visit the grounds, as is evinced by the steadily increasing crowds of tourists, visitors, and excursionists. No other place of so much resort has ever been known in the West. In 1875 about one hundred and seventy-five thousand persons visited the Home; in 1876, owing probably to the Centennial, the number was a little less; but in 1877 the number of visitors has exceeded two hundred thousand. There is scarcely

square. It is elegantly laid off in parks, lawns, groves, gardens, parterres, cemetery, with broad Macadamized avenues, shaded, gravelly walks, lovely, artificial lakes, gushing springs, babbling brooks, half-hidden glens, and grottoes which lovers might covet. The grounds are kept in admirable order. There are one hundred and fifty buildings in all the homes, of which the larger part are in the Central Home. In all, there are two thousand seven hundred and four acres of land; the total cost of all is one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The buildings at the Dayton Home are barracks, dining-hall, laundry, hospital, headquarters, library, church, music hall, store, conservatories, workshops, printing-office, officers' residences, etc. A large Memorial Hall is being erected, which will be a fine addition

a day in the week, Sundays excepted (the gates are kept closed on the Sabbath), in which large numbers are not present. They pass over the entire establishment, they inspect, more or less thoroughly, all departments, and their presence is an inspiration to the soldiers, exerting by their visits a favorable moral and sanitary influence upon the inmates themselves. These frequent visits of citizens to the Home promote the cleanliness, contentment, and comfort of the veterans, and the effect can not be otherwise than improving.

Let us join one of these excursions and observe what is to be specially noted. We may reach the Home by private conveyance or by street-car or steam-car. If by the former, we pass through the porter's gate, whose beautiful lodge is near by.



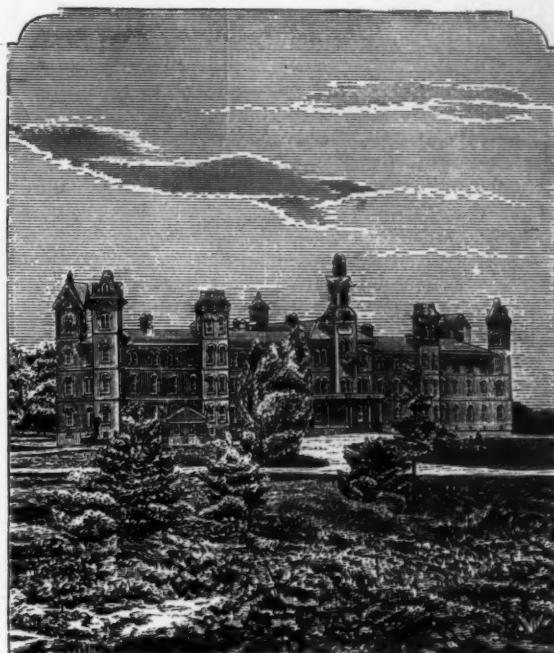
CONSERVATORY AND PARK.

Provision is made for sick soldiers as well as for those in health. One of the most ornamented and imposing structures is the Hospital. It is built of brick, three stories in height and two hundred and ninety-two feet in length. It is relieved by projections and surmounted by towers. The front has a grand porch forty-one feet by ten. All the modern and approved appointments are here, elevator, steam-heating fixtures, cold and hot water baths, spacious and convenient wards, chapel, etc. The hospital cost one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. It will accommodate three hundred patients. Dr. James M. Weaver has charge, assisted by Dr. A. S. Dunlap. During 1876 twelve hundred and fifty-six patients were treated in hospital, and an average of thirty-five men were daily prescribed for in barracks; there were one hundred and fifty-five deaths, of which some occurred while the veterans were on furlough. The percentage of deaths of the whole number cared for in the Home is three and ninety-nine hundredths. Mrs. E. L. Miller, the matron, has been connected with this Home from the beginning. She has performed her responsible supervision of hospital diet, kitchen, and in general, with great singleness and devotion, much to the comfort and welfare of the soldiers. All are earnest in her praise.

The Headquarters is one of the very fine structures of the Home. The lower apartments are occupied by the offices of the Governor, Colonel E. F. Brown; Colonel J. B. Thomas, Treasurer; Major R. E. Fleming, the Secretary, and Captain William Thompson, Steward. The upper story is the Library and Reading-room. It contains two alcoves,—one the General Thomas Library, the other the Putnam Library.

The General Thomas Library has been

furnished by gifts of volumes from officers of the Army of the Cumberland. It contains 5,696 volumes. The Putnam Library was established about nine years since, by Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam of Boston, as a memorial of her gallant son, Lieut. Wm. L. Putnam, who fell at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, in that disastrous affair in which also



THE HOSPITAL.

fell Senator and General Baker. Mrs. Putnam has made large and valuable additions each year, until the Library contains 3,353 carefully selected, rare, and valuable volumes. Besides books, pictures in oil, chromos, and lithographs to the number of three hundred have been presented by Mrs. Putnam, thus greatly enriching the Library. The money value of Mrs. Putnam's gifts is estimated at twelve thousand dollars; but money can not express the moral and spiritual benefit they render the veterans. The conception is a beautiful one, and the way in which she has carried it out has been most wise and beneficent.

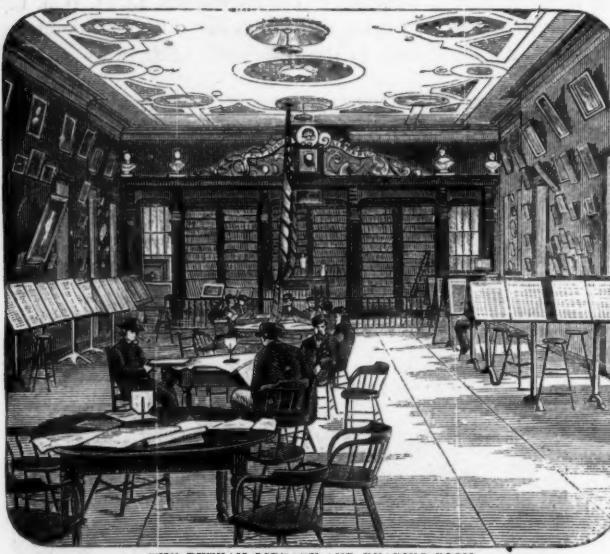
In all the Homes there are 17,581 vol-

umes, an increase of 821 volumes during 1876. Papers, daily, 113; weekly, 472; magazines, 82. Books drawn out in 1876, 68,860. The Reading-room is well attended. The papers and books show the diligent use made of

Defenders." The frescoing is good; the floor is carpeted; the seats are cushioned; the church is attractive. It is the only national church in the United States: *i. e.*, it is the only church the United States Government ever built. Never was public money more wisely nor more beneficially expended.

The Chaplain, Rev. William Earnshaw, is the pastor of this large parish. With increasing usefulness and acceptability, he has held this relation for ten years. He preaches, holds Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings, leads a Bible-class, visits the sick, buries the dead. He has the respect and affection of the soldiers and officers. He has been greatly useful in all respects to the veterans. Many of them have ex-

pressed to him in their dying moments the power of Jesus' grace, of which he has been to them an honored minister. The Chaplain has also procured ministerial and other help to supplement his own ministrations. Protestant and Catholic clergy, both German and English, from time to time officiate in the Home church. The Chaplain gives vigorous support to temperance organizations and influences so far as they can be usefully employed. Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Red-ribbon Brigade, and Murphy Boys, all have recognition. For the last three years, on invitation of the Chaplain, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Dayton have made semi-monthly visits to the Home, praying, singing, and speaking for the soldiers, and distributing temperance and religious reading among them. Their visits have been productive of much good. For nine years a Christian association has been operating, of which Mr. Earnshaw has been a central inspiration.



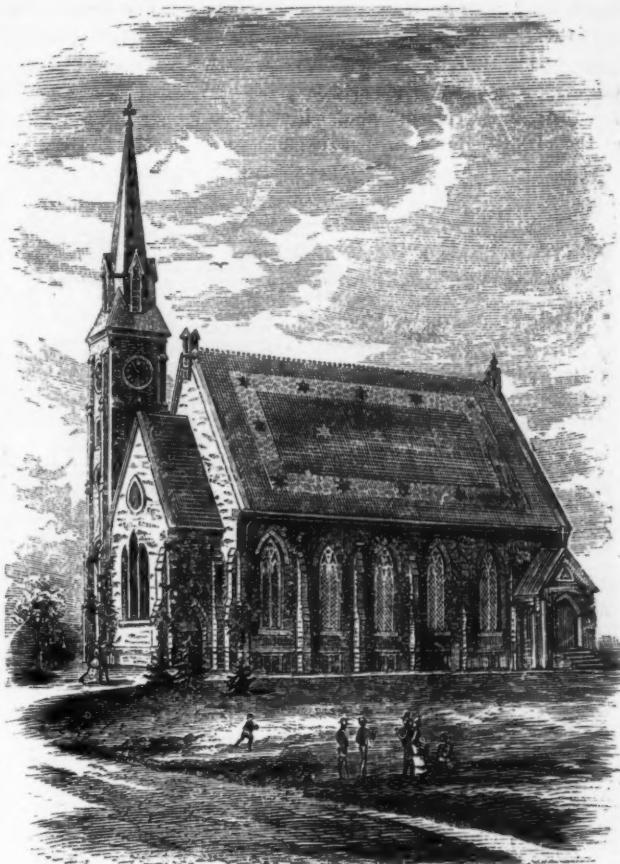
THE PUTNAM LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

them. Pertinent to this subject is that of the literacy of the disabled veterans. There are two hundred and fifty classical graduates of colleges. There are many who can not read nor write. Of the 4,386 who were present at the four Homes, December 31, 1876, 3,750 could read and write. Of the 636 who could neither read nor write, eighty-eight per cent were of foreign birth. The larger portion of the remaining twenty-two per cent are colored men, of whom many are diligently improving the Home school to gain the rudiments of learning. A school has been kept up in the Central Home since 1868, in charge of Miss Mary J. Eaton of New Hampshire. Eight hundred and fifty-four have attended.

The National Home Church attracts early and marked attention. It is a neat stone building of Gothic style with spire. The windows are filled with stained glass. It is covered with luxuriant ivy, greatly adding to its effect. In the rear of the pulpit is the seal of the Home, wrought in stained glass, with the inscription, "The Nation to her

The Chaplain's residence is sightly and beautiful. He rendered faithful service in his line all through the war, serving until after Gettysburg in the Army of the Potomac, after which he served under General George H. Thomas in the Army of the Cumberland until 1867. The Chaplain enjoyed the earnest friendship of General Thomas. He was present in nineteen battles. Since the war he was assigned to special duty in connection with national cemeteries. The Christian public of Dayton who have known him so long and well, fully concur in the report of the managers to Congress "that the religious and moral instruction at this Branch, under the direction of Chaplain Earnshaw, has been of the most faithful and satisfactory character."

The grand Dining-hall is, next to the hospital, the largest building at the Home. Its architectural effect is fine. It is as substantial and convenient as it is elegant. Dimensions, ninety-seven feet four inches by one hundred and thirty-one feet eight inches; three stories high. The first story is eighteen feet, the second sixteen, and the third fourteen. The foundation is of Dayton limestone. The walls are of first quality of brick. This structure, as well as most of the others, was designed and erected by Captain D. F. Giddinger, the Home builder. The building has nine large doors, four on each side and one in front. The second floor is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns of iron. The dining-room has twenty-eight tables, each three feet wide and seating



NATIONAL HOME CHURCH.

forty men,—in all eleven hundred and forty men. The second and third stories are for dormitories, accommodating five hundred men. The building cost twenty-six thousand dollars. At the opening of this grand hall, Christmas, 1874, a dinner was given at which the following varieties and quantities of food were served. The bill of fare might tempt an epicure: Oysters, 700 half cans; potatoes, 10 barrels; beef, 900 pounds; coffee, 360 gallons; celery, 145 dozen; oranges, 2,800; apples, 8 barrels; mince pies, 400; tomatoes, 65 gallon-cans; candies, 145 pounds; nuts, 145 pounds; butter, 425 pounds; bread, 500 pounds; pickles, 6,000.

The quantities of food consumed daily at the Home are enormous. One could hardly

credit the facts if he did not stop to consider that three thousand men would consume a large pile of provisions each day. Taking the staples, the following may be relied on as substantially correct: When beef is one of the rations, four beeves a day are con-

The annual average cost of clothing and feeding the disabled veterans is, for each man:

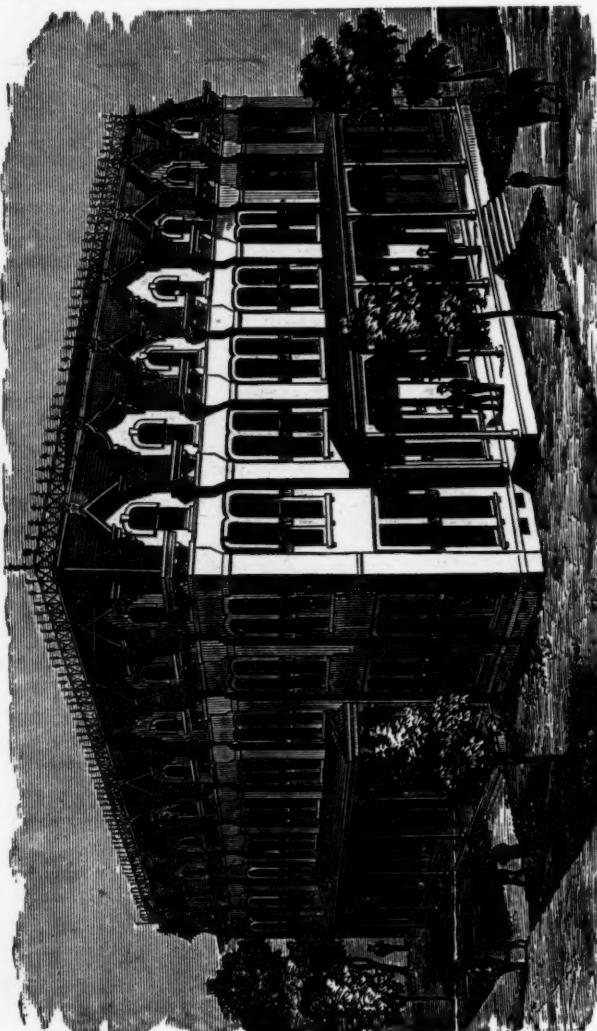
At Central Branch.....	\$143 15
" North-western Branch.....	160 63
" Eastern Branch.....	163 78
" Southern Branch.....	163 50
General average cost, clothing included.....	157 75
" " without clothing.....	146 35

This is actually less than at any other public institution in the United States. The average cost per annum of keeping each inmate in the fifty-two public insane hospitals in the United States, including the Government Asylum and all the State Asylums, is \$291.72.

The annual cost of sustaining the four Homes is \$631,565.93. Until last year, no appropriation from the United States Treasury has been necessary; the funds needed for establishing and keeping up the Homes being derived from the accumulation of unclaimed bounties and from military fines and forfeitures, which amounted some ten years ago to about seven millions of dollars. There seemed no way of disposing of these funds. General Butler, by an opportune and happy thought, like his word "contraband" as applied to refugee slaves, suggested

the diversion of this fund to the care and provision for the disabled veterans. The conception was as just as it was happy. The fines and moneys accruing by the misconduct of the unworthy soldiers were thus made tributary to the welfare of the deserving

sumed; when pork is used, the equivalent of six hogs each day, in hams, shoulders, and loins is devoured; when mutton is the course, forty sheep a day are dressed; sixty-five pounds of coffee, thirty bushels of potatoes, and twelve barrels of flour.



GRAND DINING-HALL.

ones. The numbers provided for at the Central Home during 1876 were 4,120; at all the Homes 7,116. The whole number aided at the Central Home from the beginning amounts to 9,237; at the other Branches 10,309. Including those who had been provided for in the early days of the Home, by supporting veterans in New York and in other States, it is a safe conclusion that the Soldiers' Home has, during the last ten years aided, and, for a longer or shorter time, supported, twenty-five thousand disabled soldiers and sailors.

The general facts concerning the inmates are full of interest. For the last current year: Admitted, 1,046; readmitted, 237; transferred from other Homes to the Central, 64; transferred to other Homes, 55; honorably discharged, 546; dishonorably discharged, 25; deserted, 78. Disabled during the war of the rebellion, 4,004; during the Mexican War, 165; during the War of 1812, 15.

The nativity of the inmates is as follows: Foreign born, 2,360. Of the native born, sixty-eight per cent, or 1,240, are from Ohio. Of the foreign born, 1,023, or forty-five per cent, are from Germany; 905, or thirty-nine per cent, are from Ireland; 169, or seven per cent, are from England.

The attendance at the Homes is constantly and steadily increasing. The increase in nine years is forty-four per cent; an average annual increase of five per cent. General Butler thinks the increase has not reached its maximum. It is the judgment of all who have been officially connected with the Homes, and who have given attention to

the subject, that this increase will continue for the next ten years.

The ages of the veterans are thus given: Of the whole number cared for at the four Homes, 430 were between the ages of twenty and thirty; 3,583 between the ages of thirty and fifty; 3,005 between the ages of fifty



THE SOLDIERS' BARRACKS.

and seventy; 246 over the age of seventy. Of these, 2,541 are reported as married, with wife or minor child living; 280 are disabled by the loss of an arm; 344 by the loss of a leg; 278 are blind. The number dishonorably discharged from all the Homes the current year is 60, which bears relation to all the beneficiaries as one to one hundred and eighteen, or one and one-fifth per cent. Two-thirds of the discharged are for drunkenness, or related offenses. Intemperance is the prevailing vice. This is one of the great facts making the Home necessary to the veterans. Drinking habits are the greatest difficulty which the administration of the Home meets, as well in discipline as in expense. General Butler, President of the Board of Managers, says, in substance:

"Men who, notwithstanding their disability, could, by their intelligence and capacity, earn a living are disabled by addiction to habits of intemperance, which probably, in many in-

stances, were the consequence of their army life."

General Tilton, Deputy Governor of the Eastern Branch, says:

"Drunkenness is the chief source of disorder; but even that is periodic, following hard upon pay-day. Seven years' experience has taught me to look with charity upon the failings of these poor men, or wrecks of men, rather; and I can not help thinking, when my patience is most tried by the deceit and ingratitude of the bad ones—I say, I can not help asking, how much are they to blame? when I know they were initiated into the army upon whisky; had whisky forced into them, as a *prophylactic*, before they were wounded, or taken sick, and finally, had whisky poured into them, in hos-

The Soldiers' Homes take charge of the pensions of the veterans. Of the inmates 2,512 receive pensions; amounting, last year, to \$364,085.25. Amount retained by the Homes, \$63,933.06. Amount actually sent by the treasurer to dependent relatives, \$102,152.56. Estimated amount sent by beneficiaries to their families, \$47,502. Amount still held in trust for pensioners, \$82,383.37. Thus, safely, without cost to the pensioner, and in such manner as to protect him, the Homes collect and preserve the veterans' pensions.

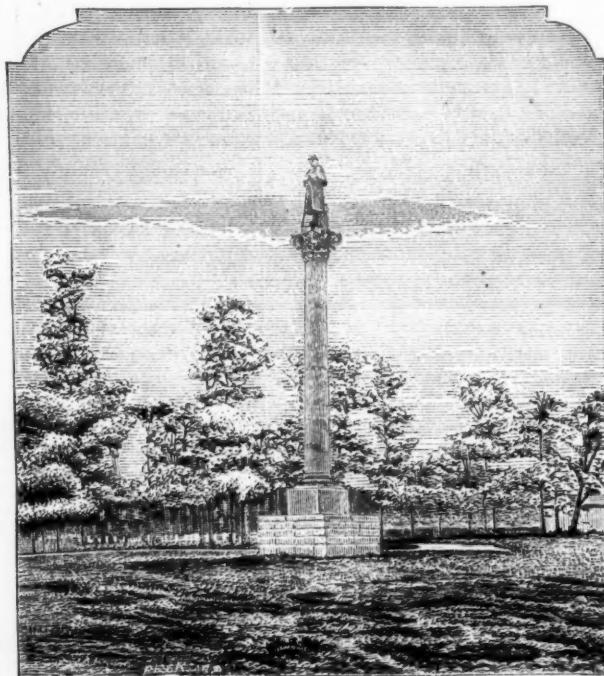
Amusements are employed with good effect upon the moral and physical condition of the soldiers. It is very desirable

that as far as possible they be kept upon the grounds, and thus be removed from the peculiar temptations which beset them abroad. Hence the great importance of affording them diversion and recreation. Quoits, billiards, bagatelle, chess, checkers, dominoes, back-gammon, etc., are practiced. Lectures and plays and readings are had. Vocal and instrumental music serve their purpose. Conservatories, a menagerie, and an aviary, add their influence.

The post-office deserves mention. One hundred and forty thousand letters are sent; one hundred and thirty-two thousand are received. Over two hundred and twenty thousand newspapers are sent and received. Postal or-

ders covering \$44,793 were last year sent by the inmates to their dependent families or other relations.

Sickness and death are here, as elsewhere; perhaps more here than elsewhere. Often the drooping flag at half-mast signals the fall of a veteran. But is it not beautiful



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

pital, either as a stimulant, to quiet pain, or as a sedative, to keep them quiet otherwise."

A large percentage of the mortality by violence, crime or exposure, comes from the use of intoxicants. Much of the means of some of the veterans is spent for this deadly beverage.



CHAPLAIN WILLIAM EARNSHAW.

that life is here guarded and cheered by kindly ministrations? Last year two hundred and ninety-three died at the Central Home. The average annual mortality at this Home for the last four years is three and one-third per cent. The average at the leading hospitals in the United States ranges from eight to fifteen per cent. One thousand have died at the Dayton Home since its establishment.

Morals and religion at the Home are exceptionally good. Except as to drunkenness the veterans are, in general, quiet and orderly. Theft is almost entirely unknown. Many of the inmates are religious. Some of them have died with holy victory. A weekly prayer-meeting, Bible class, and Sunday-school are well attended and sustained. The public worship Sabbath morning and evening in the church, and afternoon in the chapel of the hospital, is appreciated and attended. The Sabbath is most exemplarily observed.

A soldiers' monument has been erected, completed and paid for by the voluntary contributions and efforts of officers and inmates of the Central Home. It is a graceful, circular column of marble, forty feet

high, rising on a base five feet square by three feet thick; and this upon a pedestal, eleven feet square and six feet high. Surmounting the shaft is the figure (nine feet three inches high) of a private soldier, with his musket standing at parade rest. It was unveiled on the 12th of September last by President Hayes, in the presence of perhaps twenty-five thousand persons, with appropriate ceremonies. Secretary Gunckel stated that this monument completed gives denial to the criticism that the Americans pass resolutions to erect monuments to public benefactors and never complete them; that this instance honors the private soldier, and that the Republic has not shown itself ungrateful to its defenders, having twice elevated to the chief honor the General of the Army, and now, as his successor, another of the Union generals.

Chaplain Earnshaw, President of the Monumental Society, paid fitting tribute to those who had given time and money and effort to this noble achievement, especially



GOVERNOR E. F. BROWN.

designating Colonel J. B. Thomas, the Treasurer of the Monument fund; Colonel E. F. Brown, the Civil Engineer, and Mr. John

D. Gibson, Secretary of the Society; and also to Mr. W. C. Herron, President of the Dayton Philharmonic Society, and to Mr. Otto Singer, the Director; as also to the Society, for the vocal music furnished on the occasion. The Treasurer's Report showed the monument all paid for, with over a thousand dollars in hand, and leaving untouched an appropriation of \$2,000 by Congress, which, if allowed, will go to supply marble headstones for the soldiers' graves.

General and Ex-governor J. D. Cox made the Address on the occasion, showing that as the poor widow of the Gospel cast in of her penury to the Lord's treasury all the living she had, so the disabled veterans had bestowed of their scanty means to this beautiful memorial of the nation's defenders.

Personal mention should be made of those who have stood officially related to this "noblest charity of the age and of the world." Not to speak of Honorable L. B. Gunckel, the Secretary of the Board of Managers, with high approval, would be unjust. His persistent, tireless, efficient devotion has done much to establish and sustain this Home.

Colonel E. F. Brown, the Governor of the Home, rendered distinguished service during the war. He was commissioned in 1861 Lieutenant-colonel of the 28th New York volunteers. He lost his left arm at Cedar Mountain, near Culpepper, Virginia, in August, 1862; was taken prisoner; escaped,

was re-taken, and sent to Libby prison. He was paroled and exchanged; took command of his regiment, its colonel having fallen. Subsequently he was appointed Military Mayor of Vicksburg. November, 1868, he was commissioned Deputy-governor of the Home; July, 1869, he was confirmed. In 1873 he was appointed Governor. He is a man of fine executive ability, who has admirably discharged the duties of his responsible position.

Colonel J. B. Thomas, the Treasurer, has received and disbursed millions on millions of money without the slightest failure. Major R. E. Fleming, of Ohio, the Secretary, and Captain Wm. Thompson, of Kentucky, the Steward, though minus an arm, are faithful and effective.

The Managers of the Home are, the President of the United States, *ex officio*; the Chief-justice of the United States, *ex officio*; the Secretary of War, *ex officio*; Major-general B. F. Butler, of Lowell, Massachusetts, President; Major-general John H. Martindale, Rochester, New York, First Vice-President; Gov. Frederick Smith, Manchester, New Hampshire, Second Vice-President; Honorable Lewis B. Gunckel, Dayton, Ohio, Secretary; General Thomas O. Osborn, Chicago, Illinois; Honorable Hugh L. Bond, Baltimore, Maryland; Dr. Erastus B. Wolcott, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Major-general Jno. S. Cavender, St. Louis, Missouri; Major-general James S. Negley, Pittsburg, Penn.



THE PORTER'S LODGE.

THE MUSEUM OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

THE Museum of the Hohenzollerns in the Castle of Montbijon, in Berlin, owes its origin and the present culmination of its fortunes in the grand collection now in Montbijon to the prosperity of the famous family whose chief now wears the imperial crown of the German Empire.

On the eightieth birthday of Emperor William this newly arranged collection was opened to the public, and was found to be marvelously rich in treasures of art, historical mementos, and many old relics which pertain to the history and the persons of the princes and princesses of the House which is now in the ascendant in the fortunes of the German people; and these have therefore justly received the appropriate appellation of the Hohenzollern collection. The day on which the veteran soldier reached his fourscore years—an age which no Hohenzollern and no German emperor had ever reached before him—was specially devoted to the national duty of celebrating an event which had much to do with the national fortunes. For it was a great joy to the German people to be permitted to see and celebrate this day, proud and grateful in the thought that he whose years and deeds they commemorated bears without question the first name in the history of our period. And they are proud that their venerable chief is still so hale and hearty in years of which the Psalmist says, that if they come they are only labor and sorrow, while he has not yet withdrawn the hand from the plow nor ceased his wonderful activity in their behalf. The throng and pressure of events that would have crushed many men seem to have kept him fresh and vigorous, and have afforded him an impulse to fulfill his high calling in such a manner that all acknowledge him to be a fully rounded man and a fully rounded prince.

All the nations of Europe, and especially those of Germany, take a great interest in national collections of objects which develop the course of their history in matters of art,

antiquity, and national peculiarities; and thus we find such collections in most German capitals. Munich has one of remarkable extent and breadth, telling in the most significant manner the story of the rise and progress of the Bavarian State and family. And the Antique National Museum of Nuremberg is among the great attractions of that city, which aspires to make it the collection *par excellence* of the German people.

And this idea of gathering from all quarters choice and quaint works of art, curiosities, rare and antique furniture of all sorts, and especially objects rich in historical memories, is nothing new. The so-called "Curiosity Halls" were a part of all the princely courts of the fourteenth century, and even of earlier periods. In the sixteenth century it was the condition almost indispensable of a court in good standing to possess such a museum.

In gathering these rarities together there seems to have been no very fixed principle or system; the collectors worked zealously with the sole object to bring together just as many rare, curious productions of art, etc., as they could garner in their galleries. To these were often attached descriptions and explanations regarding their origin and use that were exaggerated or entirely mythical, pandering to the prejudices of the age and the notions of the people, so that modern investigators often have a ludicrous task in making out the inventory of a collection and the use of the individual objects. A few months ago we were entertained by the hour by a garrulous dame in charge of the instruments of the famous "Torture Chamber" of Nuremberg, which stands in Germany at the head of all the collections for the systems of mediæval punishment. Her tongue refused to cease in her description of the machinery used to punish scolding wives and slanderous mouths, illustrating her story by horrible pictures of distinguished victims who had been punished for weakness in such vices.

The first cabinet of curiosities had its origin in Berlin long before the country was a kingdom, in the Castle of the Elector Joachim I, and for this period the collection was famous. It grew rapidly in the usual way until the year 1603, when it was found necessary to make a careful revision. This took place after the death of Catherine, wife of the Elector, when it was found that there



CAVALRY BOOTS OF THE GREAT ELECTOR.

was a large collection of objects in gold, silver, pearl, tortoise-shell, ivory, crystal, amber, etc. There was found over a thousand pounds weight of articles for table service. At this time large additions were made to the art collection in honor of the visit of the King of Denmark; and from a catalogue of the period it seems that there was also an abundant display of table linen and all the paraphernalia of table ornaments.

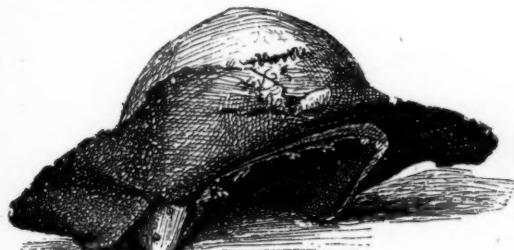
In a few years more the collection had so much grown that there was appointed a custodian of the cabinet, who was to have close supervision of these treasures, and also those of the armory, or collection of rare and curious weapons. This gentleman seems to have anticipated his era in being rather loose in his manner of caring for his trust; for not

long afterwards there was an unfortunate quarrel between the widow of an elector and her son, when she left Berlin and settled in Sweden, taking with her a great many of the treasures of the Art Cabinet as if they were her own private property. It is true, there was an investigation ordered in regard to the matter, but when the enterprising widow had reached Sweden with her rarities it was not very easy to make her give them up.

Shortly after this period the danger of war caused all the collections of the Cabinet, together with the treasures of the princely House and the ornaments of the churches, to be removed to Custrin for safety. And after the death of George William nobody seemed to care about the Cabinet, and thus for some years it fell back instead of increasing, for in an irresponsible period many rare and curious articles were irreparably lost. In 1642 appeared Frederick William, known as the "Great Elector," and he began again to care for and collect objects for the Cabinet, increasing its departments by a collection in natural history. Two directors were now appointed, and the Elector ordered his growing navy, then engaged in the endeavor to organize an African colony, to enrich it as much as possible with curiosities gathered on the coast of Africa, which were then, of course, extremely rare and desirable. The same order was delivered to the War Department, so that camps on foreign fields were continually engaged in increasing models found in other countries, and appropriating to themselves all sorts of artistic curiosities gathered on foreign soil.

We purposely linger at these different stages of history in the growth of this collection and its peculiar process, to show that such a cabinet is not the work of a generation or an age, and much less of a man. If the respective eras do not, each in its turn, contribute to such a work it can not, in the nature of the case, be well done. Nothing but a slow and plodding process can create such galleries as are found in various parts of Germany, that signalize owe their existence to the peculiarly patient and industrious character of the people.

A curious personage of the period—the alchemist Kunkel—now received the appointment of Curator to the Cabinet, and under his administration there was naturally a large increase to the antiquities and curiosities, for the alchemists of the day, like the famous Faust of German story, were ever busy in collecting all sorts of rare and curious trumpery.



FELT HAT WITH IRON CAP OF THE GREAT ELECTOR.

The Great Elector was succeeded by Frederick III, who is regarded as the special patron of the Art Cabinet, and who largely increased its value and the number of its objects. He was fond of show and display, and a great lover of art and knowledge, and consequently such an institution gained a large increase under his patronage. His advent to the Elector's chair in 1688 was signalized by a large increase to the collection; the first year thus numbered an addition of over twelve thousand pieces. This elector laid all the castles of the barons under tribute for his Cabinet, and as articles were cheerfully contributed the number increased, so that private persons began to take an interest in the matter and forward to the court many valuable presents for the government. This ruler caused a splendid work to be created and published about coins, medals, and antiquities; and when he was made king, in 1702, he gave to the entire collection a fixed habitation, which he intended to be permanent, in his own palace, directly over the grand portal. In a recent ramble over most of the collections of this nature now in Germany, with a group of young tourists, we were met again and again with the questions, Where, in the name of sense, did all these things come

from? How has it been possible to collect such an immense amount of odd and curious and costly things together? These questions we are now answering, and even with these explanations, the existence of such gatherings of the "curious and useful" seem a marvel.

When Frederick William I began his career he declined to give any special atten-



SWORD HILT OF THE GREAT ELECTOR.

tion to the Art Cabinet. This king was of a very practical turn of mind, and he could find no special pleasure in the gathering of objects which seemed to him more as toys than as articles to claim the attention of a monarch. Matters were therefore not only neglected, but many valuable articles were taken away; the beautiful amber cabinet was given to Peter the Great, and a goodly number of "antiques" were presented to

Saxony. The monarchs receiving these gifts sent in return what Frederick William thought of more account, namely, a few giant soldiers for his famous body-guard of "seven-foot grenadiers." But the king took pains to increase the cabinet of coins under the plea that this kind of collecting had a practical side to it.

We come to the advent of Frederick the Great, who, in the commencement of his reign, showed very little interest for the National Art Cabinet. Under the reign of



CUPS, TOBACCO-BOX, ETC., OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

his predecessor the collection had been removed from the palace, but he had it brought back and placed in its old quarters. Like a good many other people, Frederick the Great wanted money, and he was not scrupulous about the way of getting it. He caused all the silver vessels and watches to be delivered to his chamberlain to be sold, whereby the collection lost many of its most valuable gems. The custodian of the period was beside himself with wrath at this sacrilege, and refused to give them up until he received a cabinet order from the king, showing the latter to be in earnest, in which state most people yielded to him. A few years afterwards the king ordered all the objects in the line of natural history to be given up to the Academy of Sciences. Indeed, the total destruction of the entire collection now seemed imminent, when an unexpected change took place in the disposition of the king. He suddenly gave the Art Cabinet a great deal of attention, or-

dered extensive purchases to be made, but at the same time sent off all the antiques and coins to his palace in Potsdam.

His successor, Frederick William II, proved to be a zealous friend of the checkered enterprise, whose control he gave to the court librarian. Henry was an enthusiast for such things, and a man of fearless character. He immediately declared that the various divisions of the collections should not remain under the supervision of the academy, although this had been ordered by the king. He gained the victory in the strife, and was pleased to see the king order back to their place in Berlin the coins and medals that had been taken to Potsdam; but he was chagrined to find that not less than twelve hundred of them had been stolen while away from his supervision.

Frederick William III opened a very fortunate period for the Art Cabinet. This king found a special pleasure in increasing to the best of his abilities the collection begun by his ancestors. He was able to gather quite a respectable collection of antiquities, and he and the good queen, Louisa, gave the cause a great deal of attention. But the Napoleonic invasion of this period put an end to all their efforts, and in 1806 they were obliged to remove all the collection to Memel, in the interior. But the French, on their incursions into neighboring lands had a fashion of taking with their victorious armies a number of experts in all such matters, who marked all objects of art of any worth, which were then claimed by the conquerors as a part of the pay for their trouble of coming, and this meant that all such things were then bound for Paris. In 1806 the art expert with the French army was the academician Denon, who forwarded a large number of the articles of this collection to the city of the Seine; of course, in the interest of universal art. In 1815 when the Prussians entered Paris with the allied powers, some of these stolen treasures were found, but the majority of them remained in the custody of the French. After this period Frederick William III maintained

the reputation of the Cabinet very high for a time; but in 1830 some valuable things were taken from it for the museum, although on the whole it was well cared for by the distinguished director, Baron Ledebur, a man well versed in the history of art and science, as well as in that of his native country.

By this time, however, the Art Cabinet had attained such proportions that there was a growing tendency to divide its treasures and distribute them according to their nature to other collections, and this turns our attention to the division now found in the Palace of Montbijon, which was the core of the collection forming the old Art Cabinet. Montbijon was, for a time, the receptacle for the Egyptian collection,

which was finally removed to the museum specially constructed for it, leaving the locality free for the ancient collection of art. Now, although the latter maintained the closest relation to the history of the country, it had never been chronologically arranged. The Crown-Prince, however, had taken so much interest in it that the most interesting relics had found a place worthy of them, and the new director had carried out this plan so thoroughly that it was found practicable to open the new Hohenzollern Museum on the eightieth birthday of the Emperor William.

A ramble through its halls is a rare lesson in Prussian history. Passing from the collection of ancient and modern weapons we enter the rooms devoted to the legacy of Frederick William IV and his consort, Queen Elizabeth. Many of these are very beauti-

ful, richly ornamented objects, but they tell a sad story in many instances of the sufferings of the gifted man on whom the weight of a higher hand lay heavily in his latter days. Toward the close of his life his mind began to fail him, first in the form of melancholy and then into that of confirmed lunacy. He was consequently obliged to withdraw from his royal duties, and his brother,



TABLE AND CHAIRS OF THE POTSDAM TOBACCO COLLEGE.

the present ruler, became regent until the death of the King, which event crowned the present occupant of the throne. The very objects that belonged to the King in his happier days awaken sad feelings, and remind us of those joyous days of boyhood and youth, that make the subsequent days of sorrow all the more gloomy.

The mementos of his earlier life are all there, even to the writing-desk containing his letters of congratulation to his parents on their birthday, his early sketches in India ink, his first numeration table, and the simple silver service for his meals during the days of his childhood. Then comes a box containing the articles which the King used in the latter days of his life—his spectacles, bandages, and other little conveniences of the toilet, even to a pair of soft, white gloves. One sees in these things that they were

chosen solely with the purpose to alleviate the pain and the unrest of a sick body—the gloves were to protect trembling hands, and the bandages for an aching forehead. The

riance with his people in their struggle for advanced political life, an error which led him to the sad days of that revolution which in reality broke his power, when we saw

him forced to face an immense catafalque containing about one hundred and fifty bodies of Prussian subjects shot down in the streets of Berlin by royal command. This sad order and its still more sad results, evidently so unsettled his mind as at last to overthrow it.

The next room contains the mementos of Frederick William the Third, whose devotion to the wife so early taken from him shines out in most of the articles here preserved. How carefully has the King guarded the fire-screens made of an embroidery from the fair hands of the good Queen Louisa. There is even the little carriage in which the Queen



WRITING-TABLE AND FURNITURE OF QUEEN LOUISA.

very handle of his eye-glass was of unusual length, that the trembling fingers might the more easily grasp it. In the closet that stands by the wall are the presents received by the royal pair on the occasion of their silver wedding. Then come the helmets and other hats worn by the King as a soldier. One closet is filled with beautiful objects of art destined for the use of the King—snuff-boxes and caskets filled with rings, cut stones and watches, all testifying to the character of the royal taste.

William the Fourth lived in the Middle Ages more than in the present, as is attested by many of these relics, one of the most peculiar of which we give in the cut of the figures taken from an Indian chess-board of which the King was very fond. This mediaeval tendency caused him often to be at va-

used to ride through the garden of Charlottenburg, the King walking at her side. These were happy days which the fearful man of destiny turned into sad and stormy ones. The story of Napoleon's career in Prussia causes the cheek of every German to tingle with shame, but especially his cruel treatment of Louisa has become the darkest blot on his memory. But right beside these reliques of the Queen are trophies that prove the mills of the gods to grind surely. Here in a glass case are the orders, the hat, and the gloves of the French tyrant. And here are cups, plates, and goblets taken from the carriage of Napoleon when he fled from the thunders of the strife at Waterloo.

The simple reliques from the rooms, closets, and houses of the King and Queen beside the brilliant orders of their fallen foe tell a

most significant story. In yonder closet you find a collection of bonnets that once adorned her head, and in the cut we give her writing-desk with lyres at either end, on whose green covering her beautiful arms rested as she so often wrote of the happiness that she enjoyed in the circle of her family and the company of her children, whose unique and simple cradle stands beside yonder pillar.

And this cradle, to which we call particular attention in our illustration, is famous as having been the receptable of so much hope and expectation. In this rested, when an infant, the Emperor William, now the leading ruler of the age, with more than fourscore years on his brow. As a babe it is said of him that he showed rare qualities. The famous Countess Voss, the first maid of honor and adviser of the Queen, said of him: "He is a splendid little prince, and all the omens in the cradle of the new-born babe are favorable." His infancy fell in a sad period, and the life of the boy was early interwoven with the tragedy of his house and country. Mightier than human teachers who so often leave but little impress on the minds of princely sons, stern fate stepped in with iron hand as his instructor. The tears and then the early death of his mother, together with the mute sadness of the father, casts a premature seriousness and a feeling of human

as of princely uncertainty over the youthful days of Prince William. Even in his youth the Emperor once wrote: "Few men have experienced the vicissitudes of history at such early periods of life as I." In early youth his military instructor announced the traits of practical good sense and love of order which are the prerequisite conditions of the great general, while the loving mother early saw in him the image of his father.

But we have the finer Christian traits in his character in the confession at his confirmation, the convictions of which have followed him



CRADLE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

through life. These are often documents of a traditional character, but his is much more. His words were full of thought though in no wise fanatical, and all through them we per-

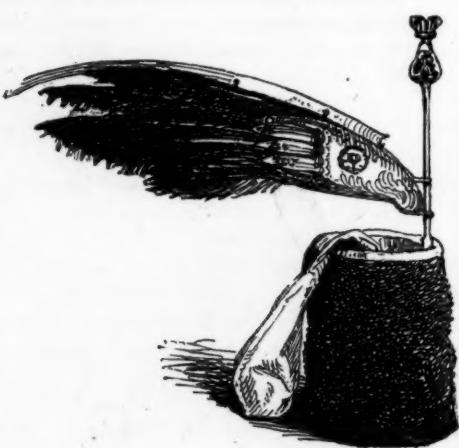
ceive the two ideas, namely, the full consciousness of his princely birth and position, and the humble conviction of his obligation to God. His elder brother seemed to outshine him in all that related to matters of public interest, while he chose the more modest and monotonous career of a soldier, on whom finally all the warlike traditions of his house were to rest. But while he stood aside he was always engaged in close

tained all the possessions of a noble and beautiful woman, who remained a queen in the midst of all her sorrow. In them were her papers and letters from happier times, when splendor shone around Queen Louisa, and the aged Countess Voss, as chief lady of a brilliant court, controlled all its movements according to the laws of strictest etiquette.

We now pass through a gallery filled with porcelain, reach a number of busts, statues, portrait-figures, and imitations of the antique, when there opens a long corridor, in which are the reclining figures of Frederick the First and his consort, in imitation of those in the famous mausoleum at Charlottenburg. And this passage leads us to the rich legacy of Frederick the Great. In the alcove is the state bed on which was exposed the corpse of the great king to so many who, on beholding it, exclaimed, "Who shall now rule the world?" Beside this bed is the coarse board cradle that once received the baby form of the lofty monarch, and opposite to this the iron camp-couch on which reigned the mighty warrior who slept after his bloody work, and according to all accounts slept well.

Near these are the cast of his face and hands taken after death, and now preserved in a glass case.

The following rooms are filled with relics of the great monarch placed in glass-cases, while various portraits adorn the walls; among them his brother Henry and himself, that of the famous Zieten, Duke of Brunswick, and others. The most noteworthy are two portraits in antique style which Frederick, as Crown-prince, painted during his imprisonment in Custrin. There is also in cases a rich collection of watches, snuff-boxes, cups, goblets, caskets, orders, etc., which the King wore or used during his life. Here is prominent the little group which we present in illustration, the broken cup which he threw down a few days before his death, because its contents were too hot; the golden snuff-box in enamel, on the cover of which is the ball that was flattened against his armor in the battle of Kunersdorf, and the



BEAR-SKIN CAP OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

observation of the affairs of the State, so that when he was providentially called to the throne by the failing brain and body of his royal brother, he seemed fully prepared to assume the onerous duties of his position. We venture to say that no one will pass thoughtlessly through this collection when he is told that in this unique cradle once slept and dreamed the now veteran Emperor William. An examination of the cut will show that it swings to and fro, and does not rock, impelled by a pedal in the box.

And after this episode we will pass on to yonder piano, under which we perceive the simple traveling bag of the queen which accompanied her on many journeys; and beyond it is the large trunk that attended her when she learned her first lesson in the mutability of human greatness and fled to the north on the approach of the haughty foe who so delighted in humiliating the Hohenzollerns. Box and bag then con-

silver goblet made of rubles after the battle of Zorndorf, and covered with an inscription telling the story of the conflict.

The Prussian people seem almost childish in their attachment to Frederick the Great; in this collection they preserve the very shirt he died in, and fairly seem to feel his dying pain as they gaze at it. They have the last gloves he wore and the handkerchief that wiped away his last perspiring drops. And as they gaze on these relics they are fond of telling the stories connected with his reign and life, for he was a true father to his nation in the way in which he ruled his subjects. The very children used to hail him as he appeared on the streets on his old gray steed, wandering about to see that all things were going on to suit his taste. One of these told us by a loyal Prussian pedagogue ran as follows: "It is the custom in Prussia to give the children Wednesday afternoon as a half holiday, requiring their presence on Saturday morning to make up for it. On a certain Wednesday afternoon, when many children were enjoying their games on the street, Frederick was out, and somewhat annoyed to have so many following him, when suddenly he raised his cane and bid them be off quickly to school. 'Ha! ha!' they cried, 'what a king! he does not know there is no school on Wednesday afternoon!'"

As we go farther on we find the favorite flute of the King made of ebony and ivory; it lies between two music stands, as if carelessly laid there, and beside it is a box containing an order, besides many other curiosities. The order the King was accustomed to wear on his bare breast, perhaps as an amulet. Near this lies a book that was half burned in the monarch's hand, having caught fire as he fell asleep. The drawings on yonder table are for his favorite palace of Sans Souci, where he spent so much of his time in Potsdam. Back of his writing-desk is a large closet, in which are his boots and other articles of dress, some of them from his very childhood, as the drum and little musket which were his playthings when but a child. In seeing these we perceive the origin of a master painting by the artist Pesnes, representing the noble boy at his sister's side ac-

companied by a servant marching through the garden beating his drum—the incipient hero destined so often to hear the roll of the drum calling his conquering troops to action. Near these is the famous bearskin cap worn by the Duke of Brunswick at Frederick's side, and also the panther's skin in the form of a robe. And this collection closes with a few tin cups of the unfortunate Baron Trenck, buried, by Frederick's stern command, in the gloom of the dungeon, where, in order to shorten the hours of torturing solitude, he made cups and bowls and plates, and covered them with inscriptions.

And after these various mementos of the great son follow those of the stern and scarcely less important father—Frederick William the First—a monarch of immense significance and influence for the whole history of Prussia, whose merits become the clearer with every year of history, and are likely to be still more recognized in the future as Prussia grows in importance in her position as the leading power of the German Empire. The greatest simplicity is visible in every thing used by the King. He was a very stern father and austere monarch, who believed in economy at home and in his realm. He thought that the philosopher's stone of his country was to be found in the device that money should stay at home, and thus he opposed all foreign wares, and himself used those that were rude but practical.

At the left of the entrance to this room we perceive the portable pulpit of the King. It is fashioned in the style of the period, and adorned with light lines of gilt. The gout sometimes so troubled the King that he could not go to church; on which occasions, rather than miss his usual sermon, he let the church come to him in the form of the pulpit, which was then conveyed into the room of the palace, where Frederick William, while sitting before it, listened to the sermon of his court preacher.

In a glass case of this group may be found swords, sashes, and military collars of the King, and also his much feared cane, which he always carried, and of which so many stories are told. It was his heart's delight

to flog all drones, and any who were so unlucky as to be found idle during his walks were quite sure to feel the strength of his arm, wielded through this mighty rod. It was occasionally laid in wrath on the shoulders of Frederick, the crown-prince, when the boy happened to displease the father. The King was said to have a variety of canes for this purpose, and he found a pleasure in increasing them by cutting them with his own hand from a thicket or forest.

One of the most characteristic things in the whole collection is the coarse, long table,



ORIENTAL CHESS FIGURES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

covered with a rough coat of paint, and accompanied with the usual chairs and furniture, which the King used when he met with his famous club, which he called his Potsdam "Tobacco College." Some pretty tough stories are told of this coterie and its discussions, which it is not in place here to repeat; but they are traditional among the German people, and the sight of the self-same table at which they were rehearsed always revives their memory. On the table are the pipes and mugs of that famous and well-known club, and they show signs of having been faithfully used. The table-cover is well adapted to the hard blows which in heated discussion fell frequently upon it, and the broad chairs gave ample opportunity to heavy drinkers to find their ease while drinking their beer. The chair without a back at the head of the table in our

illustration is that of the king, Frederick William.

Another rough table not far from this recalls to the mind some very cruel memories of no great credit to the King. As we look we may in fancy think the King behind it with arms leaning on it, as he casts withering glances at the document lying on it. He examines the paper which lies before him, murmurs a few angry words, then seizes the pen and places his signature on a document that is the death-knell of some one of his subjects. This is the table on which was signed the warrant that sent the unfortunate Katte to the block because he had conspired in the flight of Frederick, the son and crown-prince, to England, in order to escape his father's wrath and ill-usage.

Close beside this table is the large and awkward easy-chair of the King, covered with red velvet; in this 'chair he is said to have died. The artistic productions here preserved consist of a variety of small wax figures representing some of the favorite leaders of the army of Frederick William I. The King, as is well known, was cleanliness itself in his person. He would often wash himself four or five times a day. The utensils for his ablutions were of the plainest sort; every-where in his palace he had so-called washing-stones. The one in this collection comes from the hunting-lodge of Kossenblatt.

The gallery that we now follow makes a very brilliant impression. The walls on the right hand are covered with the beautiful gobelins—pictures in woven tapestry—which represent the deeds of the Great Elector. These are, first, the passage of the Haff—that great military sleighing party which the Elector undertook with his army; secondly, the siege of Stralsund; thirdly, the landing on the Island of Rugen, in the Baltic, and fourthly, the famous battle of Fehrbellin, which laid the foundation of Prussian military fame.

In the show-cases are two swords of Charles XII, valuable watches of Frederick I, the key of the hunting-lodge of Grunewald under Frederick I, chiseled in iron, and given in our cut, and a magic wand with direc-

tions for use for miners. In a large glass case is the wax statue of the Great Elector, clothed with the very garments worn by him in life. The figure is holding in its left hand the sword of Frederick William, a Spanish blade, whose hilt is of carved iron, a view of which is presented by our illustration, as is also that of the colossal iron hat of the Elector, preserved in a glass case. This iron hat was worn by the Elector, but not in battle. He always put it on while examining the trenches, to protect his head from furtive shots. Its immense weight—eight pounds—made its use in the conflict impossible. In the fight he used a small iron skull-cap which covered his felt hat. Both of these articles are there, as well as the mighty cavalry boots of the conqueror of Fehrbellin; these weigh twenty-five pounds.

As is the statue of the Elector, so is that of Frederick I, preserved in a glass case. It is also clothed with the garments worn in life; but in their appearance they bear no resemblance to the show and splendor which the King was inclined to indulge in on every occasion. Then comes a long series of figures of children. Fredrick the Great as a boy and all his brothers and sisters are contained in one glass case. The center of this gallery is mostly occupied with gala sleighs and small carriages. These are finished with great accuracy, and capitally represent the character of the period. Among them is the sleigh in which the Great Elector undertook the passage of the Haff, as represented on the gobelin.

Near the end of this gallery are found several objects of historical importance, such as the sword with which Duke Nicholas II was executed at Neisse. The space is here cut off by a valuable screen in wood and mother of pearl, which was formerly used in the popular game of running at the ring, giving us some idea of the luxury displayed in some of the royal games of the preceding centuries.

Between the room containing the relics

of Frederick the Great and that in which are gathered those of his father there is a still smaller room rich in an extensive collection of glass ware. There are glass pokals, or banquet goblets, in every form, and several specimens of the noted ruby glasses of Kunkel, all of which are very well preserved. For the lover of rare curiosities of the olden time, the glass pokals of the period of Fred-



IRON KEY OF THE HUNTING LODGE OF FREDERICK I.

erick William I are peculiarly attractive. These are often engraved with marvelous ditties that go far beyond the simplicity of the age, and show in an astonishing manner the crudeness of that period. One of these pokals, for instance, represent two hares in mortal conflict, under which is a coarse inscription declaring that

"This noble pair
Spares neither hide nor hair."

These lines are an allusion to the violent disputes that often occurred between various parties at the notorious "Tobacco College" of Frederick I.

Among these pokals, one is shown which was cast from a high steeple of Berlin on the occasion of the triumphal entry of Frederick I and his consort, without being broken. This was considered an excellent omen, and all such harbingers of good luck were carefully observed and registered. The first wife of Frederick was Elizabeth Henrietta, of whom an excellent miniature portrait in enamel is preserved in this collection. She died early, and the prince in the first gush of grief at her loss, caused a ring to be made which bore his monogram entwined with that of his deceased wife, and over it was the inscription in French, "*A jamais*," forever. When the prince shortly afterwards married Sophie Charlotte, this ring suddenly

burst accordingly to the tradition of the *quidnuncs*.

This seems to have been the age of omens in the Prussian House, and it was regarded as a peculiarly evil one that a bracelet containing the initials and a lock of hair of the king, and which the queen always wore, broke just as she was setting out for Hanover. And very strange to say, Sophie Charlotte also died shortly after her departure from Berlin, in the early days of the year 1705. This interesting bracelet was in the collection, but is now removed.

The entire arrangement of the curiosities now in Montbijon makes, on the whole, a very interesting impression, and the thousands of mementos of all sorts are calculated to produce a deferential feeling for the House whose rise and progress they chronicle. And those whose industry and zeal, inspired by their national pride, have created it deserve in a high degree the thanks of all who cherish the history of their native country.

Prussia has had a remarkable history

among the German States, of which it is the youngest and now the chief. Its monarchs have almost invariably been men of convictions and actions, and by their genius and daring the land has had a history so rapid and successful as to surprise themselves. And now that it has reached the summit of power in the Germanic Confederation, and led this successfully through a series of trials up to the rank of the first power on the Continent, it seems quite fitting that it should have its museum, in which the people can read as they walk the development of the ruling family, and dwell as it were with the heroes of the past, while gazing at their household gods and domestic treasures. And the Emperor William having reached the summit of this goal by his stern qualities and rare devotion to his country, it was thought eminently fitting to mark his fourscore years by giving a fixed habitation to a museum which shall bear the name of Hohenzollern, which he has made so famous in securing for it the Imperial crown.

MEMORIES.

MEMORIES on which we dwell—
Are they those that, well defined
By their crystal clearness, quell
Saddest longings of the mind?
Or which, softly indistinct,
Full of shadows as in dreams,
By their mystic beauty link
Reality to that which seems?

Faces on our way through life,
Haunting every step we take,
Some that help us through the strife,
Some we love for their own sake—
Are they those on which are stamped
Energy of thought and will;
Action that is never cramped
Working always, restless still?

Rather those o'er which are thrown
Gleams of mellow, tender light,
Winged grace of heart and soul,
Charmèd sense of conscious right.

Artists that we choose apart
From the few who high are set,
Just because their lesser art
Quivers o'er a dead regret—

Are they those who, firm of hand,
Try the veil of life to raise,
Though they know the spirit-land
Never may reward their gaze?
Rather those who by a touch,
Or a subtle, silver gleam,
Show the sunlit thoughts that rush
Out of some fantastic dream.

Chords from out some well-worn strain,
Struck at random when alone,
Often shadow forth a pain
Drifting into deeper tone.
Voices, musical and sweet,
Sunlit with emotion rife,
Like the touch of angel-feet,
Thrill across our inner life.

THE "HOLY GEORGE HERBERT."

HE who is not familiar with the life of George Herbert has failed to make acquaintance with one of the holiest of men. And the lover of sacred poetry who has not read that good man's sacred poems included in his work called "The Temple" has within his reach an untasted literary pleasure, an unenjoyed stimulus to spiritual devotion.

George Herbert belonged to the aristocratic families of Pembroke and Newport. He was born in the ancient castle of Montgomery, Wales, April 3, 1593. His early education was directed by the family chaplain, and by his pious and prudent mother. When twelve years old he was sent to school at Westminster, "where" says his biographer, the charming and amiable Izaak Walton, "the beauties of his pretty behavior and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this, his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him."

When fifteen he went from Westminster, with a high reputation for scholarship to Cambridge, where he pursued learning and piety with equal ardor. The bent of his mind toward religious consecration is quaintly and beautifully expressed in a letter and sonnet addressed to his mother when he was not seventeen years old. In the latter, after lamenting that the poetry of his times was too much devoted to Venus and Cupid, he says:

"Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty.
Each cloud distils thy praise and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use."

He then pronounces that poetic fire "wild," and that "invention poor," which finds nothing in nature higher than emblems of woman's beauty, and closes his sonnet with the following suggestive antithesis:

"Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies in the discovery."

The virtuous character and scholastic attainments of Herbert procured him a fellow-

ship at Cambridge when he was not yet twenty-two years old. Four years later he had the distinguished honor of being chosen orator for the University. "He filled this office," says good old Izaak Walton, "with as becoming and grave a gayety as any had ever before or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behavior, his tongue, and his pen."

It would seem that poor human nature must have some foible or infirmity, if not sin, to shade its virtues and to give occasion for stern conflicts between "flesh and spirit." Herbert's weakness was his aristocratic feeling, which was as lofty as his blood. This showed itself in habits of seclusion, in his somewhat lofty treatment of inferiors, in the costliness of his dress, and in a very strong desire for association with nobility.

This desire was stimulated by the opportunities his office afforded him to win the notice of distinguished personages who visited his university. His gratulatory addresses to such, especially to King James I, won him many noble friends, among whom were the King himself, and Lord Bacon, who esteemed his literary judgment so highly that he submitted his writings to his criticism before publication. The learned Dr. Donne, of whom Dryden says, "he was the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our own nation," also admired him greatly; and sent him a favorite seal, on which was engraved a "figure of Christ crucified on an anchor." Several of these seals were sent by the witty doctor, shortly before his death, to many other personal friends besides Herbert. The latter wrote the following epigrammatic lines on the paper in which his seal was found wrapped after his own death:

"When my dear friend could write no more
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.
When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
This anchor keeps my faith; that me secure."

The King showed his friendship for Herbert by making him one of his court circle

and presenting him with a sinecure office of moderate value, which had formerly been filled by Sir Philip Sidney. His aristocratic proclivities were now gratified. His associations were with the best minds and highest dignitaries of the land. He appeared among them in the richest costume of the times. He aspired, and with good reason, to the office of Secretary of State. He was "entangled in a world of strife," through following the aristocratic bias of his mind, when suddenly his courtly prospects, touched by the wand of Death, fell crushed to dust, like a work of enchantment. Two of his most powerful court friends died, and shortly after the King himself was summoned to stand at the bar of the King of kings.

Stricken with disappointment, and threatened with consumption through overmuch study, Herbert now retired into a solitary country retreat. "He had too thoughtful a wit," says Walton, "a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body." Hence he had to undergo a two-fold conflict—a battle with disease and with conscience. The mental question was, Shall I return to court life, or shall I enter the ministry? The strife was long and severe, "but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar." To a friend who urged that preaching was "too mean an employment" for one of his high birth, he wrote:

"It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labor to make it honorable by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian."

This resolution was soon followed by his ordination as a deacon, and his being made Prebend of Layton Ecclesia. Here he showed his energy and liberality by rebuilding the parish church, partly with his own means, and partly with contributions from

his friends. This generous task finished, he was stricken with fever and ague, and became an invalid for twelve months. When convalescent, he went to the mansion of his friend the Earl of Danby, and while there he resolved to marry.

His marriage was sudden and quite romantic. It grew out of his friendship with a wealthy gentlemen named Danvers, a kinsman of the Earl of Danby, and the father of nine daughters. Danvers was strongly attached to the courtly Herbert. He had often said to him:

"I wish you would marry one of my daughters. I should like you to marry Jane, because she is my favorite. If you could like her for a wife, and she you for a husband, Jane shall have a double blessing."

So enthusiastic and so frequent was this father's praise of Mr. Herbert to his pet daughter Jane, that the maiden, though she had never seen him, had accepted him as her ideal of all that is good and noble in a man. She had, indeed, become "so Platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen."

Before she met her ideal lover her father died. In all probability Jane's hopes would have also died if Mr. Herbert had not sought complete restoration to health, by residing awhile in the neighborhood of her home with his friend, the earl, some time after the death of Mr. Danvers. While there, however, Mr. Herbert was induced to visit the maiden whose praises had been so often sounded in his ears by her fond father. His appearance was certainly in his favor. "He was of a stature inclining toward tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentlemen, for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him."

Of the maiden we have no description. No doubt she was of more than ordinary comeliness, or she would not have captivated a man of such fastidious and courtly tastes as our poet. Good old Izaak describes the result of their meeting with his usual quaint simplicity. He says that when they first met,

"A mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city, and love having got such a possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; inasmuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview."

This haste to consummate a love so suddenly born strikes us as being somewhat indelicate, especially as there was nothing in the circumstances of either requiring it. His biographer apologizes for it by saying:

"This haste might, in others, be thought a love-frenzy or worse. But it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies, such as were true friends to both parties. . . . And the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more because it proved so happy to both parties; for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition between them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

Perhaps the best apology for this haste is found in his "Country Parson," where he says of the married parson: "The choice of his wife was made rather by his ear than by his eye; his judgment, not his affection, found out a wife fit for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty and honor." If in these words he described his own case, as is more than probable, it follows that it was not the haste of passion which precipitated his marriage, but a conviction that having long loved each other ideally, and having found on coming together that they were what each had believed the other to be, there was not only no impropriety, but a natural fitness in their immediate union. It may have been so. The reader must decide. We confess we can not.

Shortly after his marriage Herbert was made rector of Bemerton, where he spent the brief remainder of his life—a life, says Walton, "so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the

eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it."

Doubtless its contrast with the prevailing clerical lives of his times made Herbert's sanctified life appear like an "incredible story" to his contemporaries. It was, however, very remarkable in itself for spirituality, charity, and complete devotion to ministerial duties. His "Country Parson" is without question a faithful transcript of his own habits and character, just as his principal poetical work, "The Temple," is of his religious experience. The former work, despite its thoroughly *Church* character, is full of pregnant hints—real golden grains—and quaint sayings, on almost every question connected with ministerial life. The latter is a collection of brief poems, mainly descriptive of Christian experience and ethics. Like the poems of Dr. Donne and Francis Quarles, they abound in quaint, strong, and terse expressions, fanciful analogies, striking antitheses, with occasional passages of rare sublimity. They abound, also, in religious sentiment; not the mere spray of evanescent feeling, but the bud of deep conviction, ready to burst into the bloom of self-sacrificing action. Herbert is far less coarse than either Donne or Quarles. His versification is neither as smooth nor in as good taste as that of Keble, author of the "Christian Year," with whom he is often not unjustly compared. The chief value of his poetry consists rather in its profoundly religious tone, its occasionally deep pathos, its spiritual earnestness, and its power to revive the devotional feelings, than in its high literary excellence; albeit it is not by any means despicable in this respect. It was not written to charm the imagination, to give æsthetic delight, but to move the affections of men toward the Savior. This was Herbert's aim, and his arrow hit the mark.

A few stanzas, selected at random from "The Temple," will give the reader an idea of his style. His love of Holy Scripture is strongly expressed in the following lines:

"O book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter; and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art joy's handsel. Heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee."

The intensity of spiritual aspiration breathes through the quaint phrases of these verses:

"How should I praise thee, Lord, how should my
rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel! . . .
Oh let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid—
Oh let me roost and nestle there;
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear."

The exuberance of his fancy is exhibited in the quaint metaphors by which he illustrates his conceptions of prayer in the following quotation:

"Prayer—the Church's banquet; angels' age;
God's breath in man returning to his birth;
The soul in paraphrase; heart in pilgrimage;
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth.
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss;
Exalted manna; gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary man well drest;
The milky way; the bird of paradise;
Church bells beyond the stars heard; the soul's blood;
The land of spices; something understood."

The following lines on "Sin and Love" are in his best vein:

"Who would know sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.
Who knows not love, let him assay
And taste that juice which on the cross a pike
Did set abroad: then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I as wine."

The Sunday before his death Mr. Herbert played and sung these lines from his poem entitled "Sunday:"

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the Eternal glorious King.
On Sundays heaven's doors stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and ripe;
More plentiful than hope."

We close these citations with a stanza often quoted, and much admired for the delicacy of its sentiment and the beauty of its language. Its subject is a clear, bright day, not the Sabbath, as is often said:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

"The Temple" was not published until after the poet's death. Its success was very decided. Twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years. An eminent critic said of it: "There was the picture of a divine soul in every page; and the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." The fact that after nearly two centuries and a half it is still read and prized by thousands of readers confirms the correctness of the critic's judgment.

Herbert's ministerial career at Bemerton was very short. After some three years spent in preaching, praying, visiting, ministering to the needy, writing, and singing—he was a passionate lover of music—he said to a friend one day, "Now I am ready to die;" then, lifting his eyes toward heaven, he prayed: "Lord, forsake me not now when my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." And with these words, says Walton, "he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance." He was not quite forty years old when he thus fell asleep in Jesus.

Of Herbert's success in bringing men to repentance and faith we have no record. That he was useful to the godly among his hearers there can be no doubt. That he roused the consciences of the ungodly is certain; but, grounding our opinion on what he says of preaching in his "Country Parson," we doubt whether he so urged men to immediate faith in Christ as to make many converts. Though unquestionably evangelical in his own experience, there was in his preaching too much of the doctrine of salvation by works, and too feeble a presentation of the doctrine of justification by faith only. No doubt he has accomplished more for Christ's Church by his writings than he did by his speech while living. Most emphatically may it be said of "holy George Herbert," that "he being dead yet speaketh."

THE BORDER-LANDS.



THESE Border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces;

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the Border-land,
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appall me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
Where I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 't is here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear, and weep;
Shall my soul perish? Never, never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee; I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I can not see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me;
I can not yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee;

But I will calmly watch and pray,
Until I hear my Savior's voice
Calling my happy soul away
To see His glory and rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers," WILLIAM COWPER, second son of John Cowper, D. D., Chaplain to George II, and Rector of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, England, was born in the rectory of that parish on the 15th of November (old style), 1731.

His family was an ancient and honorable one, dating back, in Sussex, as far as 1465, when John Cowper, of Strode, in Slingfield, married Joan, the daughter and heiress of John Stanbridge, of the same parish. Their descendant, William Cowper, became a knight, and his grandson, bearing his name and titles, was father of the first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England, and of Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of Common Pleas, whose grandson was the subject of this paper.

The mother of Cowper, the poet, was also descended from a distinguished ancestry, being able to trace her lineage, through the noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bulken, Howard, and Mowbray, back to Henry III, King of England.

The mother of Mr. Cowper died in 1737, leaving two sons, one of whom has embalmed her memory in everlasting verse, "the most beautiful," says Southey, "of his minor poems." He was then only six years old; and as his infancy was "delicate in no common degree," and his constitution discovered, at a very early period, "a morbid tendency to diffidence, melancholy, and despair," he seemed to have especially needed for both his body and mind, the tenderness and care of a wise and watchful mother. But, instead of this, very soon after his mother's death, he was hurried away to a boarding-school; evidently a large one, where, as in most institutions of that kind at that time, the smaller and feebler pupils were subjected to abuses at the hands of their older and stronger associates, which the master either failed to notice or, noticing, failed to prevent. In such a place

this delicate child, who had been so tenderly cared for by his affectionate mother, was necessarily subjected to great hardships; being made the special victim of a young bully of more than double his years, who regarded him as a proper object upon whom might be safely vented all the cruelty of a brutal temper.

Two years later he was removed from this school, and placed in the family of an eminent oculist, for the purpose of seeking relief for what appeared to be a serious affection of his eyes, which threatened to destroy his sight. Two years were spent in that family, "to no good purpose," it is said; and then, when he was ten years old, he was placed at Westminster school. At fourteen he was seized with the small-pox, by which he was severely handled; but it served, also, to relieve his eyes from the specks which had previously grown on them, and threatened to destroy them.

It is said that young Cowper, throughout his entire childhood, was "an inoffensive, harmless boy. His temper was peculiarly mild and amiable, and his intimacies were formed with the most intellectual of his school-fellows, with those who afterward distinguished themselves in life by their attainments and their talents; who are never the worst boys—never those with whom a bad one becomes intimate."

Six years were spent at the Westminster school; during which period, first, when Doctor Nichols was preparing him for Confirmation, and, second, when a grave-digger threw a skull up from an open grave, and struck him on the leg as he was passing through St. Margaret's church-yard late one evening, serious impressions and "good purposes" were produced; but, in each instance, they were soon dismissed for other and, evidently, more welcome subjects.

The six years which Mr. Cowper spent at Westminster were among the happiest in his life. He was equally fond of his studies and of his sports, and he was a proficient in

both. It was during that period, also, that he secured the regard of many who, years afterward, were among his warmest friends; among whom were, notably, Churchill, the poet, and Colman, the dramatist; Warren Hastings, and Charles Cumberland; Sir William Russell, and Lord Dartmouth.

"At the age of eighteen, being tolerably well furnished with grammatical knowledge, but as ignorant of all kinds of religion as the satchel at my back," as he himself has said, he was taken from the school at Westminster; and, a few months later, he commenced the study of the law with Mr. Chapman, in whose office he was a fellow clerk with Edward Thurlow, subsequently the Lord Chancellor of England. At twenty-one, being in comfortable circumstances, he took chambers in the Middle Temple; and it was while he led a bachelor life in those chambers that the malady appeared which, at different times and under different symptoms, darkened so much of his subsequent life. "I was struck," he wrote, "not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The Classics had no longer any charms for me. I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.

"At length I met 'Herbert's Poems,' and, Gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and, though I found not here what I might have found, a cure for my malady, yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading *him*. At length I was advised by a very near and dear relative to lay him aside; for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it.

"In this state of mind I continued near a twelve-month, when, having experienced the ineffectacy of all human means, I at length

betook myself to God in prayer—such is the rank which our Redeemer holds in our esteem, never resorted to but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succor us. My hard heart was at length softened, and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

"A change of scene was recommended to me, and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town. The morning was clear and calm; the sun shone bright on the sea, and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence at the end of that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that, on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty *fiat* could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but, as it were, with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to his gracious acceptance of my prayers.

"But Satan and my own wicked heart quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but a change of scene and the amusing varieties of the place. By this means he turned the blessing into a poison; teaching me to conclude that nothing but a continued circle of diversion and indulgence of appetite could secure me from a relapse. Upon this hellish principle, as soon as I returned to London, I burnt my prayers, and away went all thoughts of devotion and dependence upon

God, my Savior. Surely it was of his mercy that I was not consumed. Glory be to his grace."

The religious experience of Mr. Cowper does not appear, however, to have affected his progress in his professional studies, such as they were; and on the 14th of June, 1754, he was admitted to the bar. It is certain that he had taken no pains to qualify himself for his profession; and it is probable that he had as little intention as inclination to pursue it, preferring rather to rest in indolent reliance upon his patrimonial estate, which was not large, as a temporary support, and in the likely expectation that, through some family or other influence, some official appointment would be found for him in good time.

Two years afterwards, in 1756, his father died, leaving a widow, and he appears to have understood then that a country clergyman is not necessarily a man of property; "that a parson has no fee-simple in the house and glebe he occupies." It is not improbable also that there was a disappointment in that respect. But be that as it may, notwithstanding his father left a widow at Berkhamsted, Mr. Cowper never returned to his birthplace, even on a transient visit, after his return to London from his father's funeral.

In 1759 Mr. Cowper removed from the Middle to the Inner Temple, in which he had purchased chambers in an airy situation; and about the same time he was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. But, as was said by one of his friends, "he was more employed with literature than law, and, perhaps, more with love than literature." Indeed, he had fixed his affections on one of his cousins, Theodora Jane, second daughter of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, and that affection was reciprocated.

The young lady who had thus secured the affection of Mr. Cowper was an accomplished woman; her person was elegant, and her understanding more than ordinarily good. She was, however, a relative of her affianced, and that fact and his small estate caused her father, his uncle, to refuse his consent to their marriage. From that time the lovers

never met again. But each of them never permitted another to occupy the place which the other had vacated. "Neither time nor absence diminished *her* attachment to the object of her first and only love."

It is said that Mr. Cowper's father, uncle, and brother all wrote verses; and he himself was "a dabbler in rhyme" at the early age of fourteen, when he translated an elegy of Tibullus. The earliest of his compositions which has been preserved, however, is his verses written at Bath, "on finding the heel of a shoe," in 1748, that

"Ponderous heel of perforated hide
Compact with pegs indented many a row."

It was written in his seventeenth year, and the diction and versification are such that no one would suppose it to have been the work of an unpracticed hand.

He was a member of the "Nonsense Club," consisting of seven Westminster men who dined together every Thursday; and he appears to have mingled in the society of that period in the Temple and elsewhere with undisguised relish. His intimacy in London with Bonnell Thornton and George Colman, Robert Lloyd, and Charles Churchill was very close. And from the company which he thus kept and from the rapid decline of his patrimony at that time, what were his habits may be readily inferred. In his thirty-second year his fortune was well-nigh spent; and there was no appearance that he should ever repair the damage by a fortune of his own getting. He now began to be apprehensive of approaching want; and, talking one day with one of his friends, he expressed a hope that if the Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords should die, his kinsman, Major Cowper, who had the place at his disposal, would give him the appointment, and both united in a wish that the old official would die in order that Mr. Cowper might thus be provided for,—a wish which he subsequently repented bitterly, as we shall hereafter notice.

It was not long before the old Clerk of the Journals died, so opening a way for the realization of his wish; and, at the same time, the joint office of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Committees of the House of Lords,

which also was at the disposal of his kinsman, Major Cowper, also became vacant by the resignation of the incumbent. The joint clerkship was much the most desirable position, because of its greater emoluments, and that place was promptly tendered to the needy lawyer-poet. It was, however, of such a character—the holder of it being required to discharge his duties publicly before the House—that he was compelled to decline it because of his nervous timidity; but he accepted instead the less profitable place of Clerk of the Journals, the duties of which were discharged in private in the office appropriated to that service. But his trouble was not yet ended.

It appears that a powerful party among the Lords was organized to resist Major Cowper's nominations, if not to question the right of that gentleman to make them. At the same time an old enemy of the Cowper family was brought forward as a candidate, and it was very evident that if the Cowpers retained their places and control, it must be at the close of a desperate struggle. Every advantage, it was said, would be sought and eagerly seized to sustain the opposition; and, what conveyed terror to the mind of Mr. Cowper, his competency to discharge the duties of the office to which he had been appointed was challenged, and he was informed that he would be required to come before the Bar of the House at an early day, and to be subjected to an examination of his ability to discharge the duties which had thus been imposed upon him.

Mr. Cowper was not adapted for such a contest. He was not a politician; and the intricacies and bitterness of party strife were as distasteful to him as they would be unwelcome from other causes. He was not sufficiently versed in business to understand, nor were his tastes and habits such as qualified him to learn, the duties of the place within a reasonable period. Besides, his natural timidity caused him to shrink from such an exposure of his incapacity to discharge the duties of the place as a personal examination at the Bar of the House would inevitably disclose; and he was so filled with

terror as to be wholly unfit for every duty. He declared that to require his attendance at the Bar of the House, that he might there publicly entitle himself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude him from it. In the mean time the interest of his friend, the honor of his choice, his own reputation, and circumstances all urged him forward, all pressed him to undertake that which he saw to be impracticable. "They whose spirits are formed like mine," he said, "to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none."

That terrible mental struggle was continued for several months, until he was reduced to the dilemma either to keep possession of the office to the last extremity, and by so doing expose himself to a public rejection for insufficiency—for the little knowledge he had acquired would have quite forsaken him at the Bar of the House—or else to fling it up at once, and by that run the hazard of ruining his benefactor's right of appointment, by bringing his discretion into question. "In this situation," he said, "such a fit of passion has sometimes seized me, when alone in my chambers, that I have cried out aloud and cursed the hour of my birth; lifting my eyes to heaven at the same time, not as a suppliant, but in the hellish spirit of rancorous reproach and blasphemy against my Maker. A thought would sometimes come across my mind that my sins had perhaps brought this distress upon me, that the hand of divine vengeance was in it; but in the pride of my heart I presently acquitted myself, and thereby implicitly charged God with injustice, saying, 'What sin have I committed to deserve this? I saw plainly that God alone could deliver me, but I was firmly persuaded that he would not; and, therefore, omitted to ask it.'

At length he began to look upon madness as the only chance remaining. He had a strong foreboding that so it would fare with him; and he actually wished for it earnestly, and looked forward to it with impatient expectation. At the same time, however, he was fostering a lurking disposition to com-

mit suicide. He grew more sullen and reserved. He fled from all society, avoiding even his most intimate friends and secluding himself in his chambers. The ruin of his fortune, the contempt of his relations and acquaintances, the prejudice he would do to his patron, were all brought before him with irresistible force. Being reconciled to the apprehension of madness, it soon followed that he began to be reconciled to the apprehension of death. In his happier hours, indeed, he had not been able to glance in that direction—not even to give a single thought that way—"without shuddering at the idea of dissolution;" but, now, he wished for it; and found himself but little shocked at the idea of procuring it for himself.

He reasoned with himself that, perhaps, there was no God; or, if there be, that the Scriptures may be false, and, if so, that God has, nowhere, forbidden suicide. In short, he considered his life as his own property, and, therefore, at his own disposal. "Men of great names," he observed, "had destroyed themselves; and, still, the world retained the profoundest respect for their memories." But, above all, as he informs us, he was persuaded that, if suicide were ever so unlawful, and even supposing Christianity to be true, his misery, in hell itself, would be more supportable than that which he endured, at that moment, on earth.

As the day which had been assigned for his examination, at the Bar of the House, was "about a week distant," he kept a phial of laudanum in his side-pocket, while he firmly resolved to use it whenever he should be convinced there was no other way of escaping. It may be, also, that his courage began to waver; it is certain that he was willing to allow himself every possible chance of escape, and was not loath to put off the execution of his horrible purpose, until the last moment. However, on the day before the dreaded event, an article in a newspaper, which the wretched man's disordered imagination applied to himself, arrested his attention; and, throwing down the paper, in a passion, he rushed out of the room, and hastened toward the outskirts of the city, fully determined to find some out-of-the-way

building, or "ditch," in which to go and swallow his laudanum and die.

Before he had walked a mile in the fields, or found a spot which exactly suited his purpose, as he then understood that purpose, a thought struck him, that he could do better by selling his shares in the public funds, and going to France and entering a monastery, the necessary change in his religious professions having apparently offered no obstacle. He was delighted with this new invention; and, returning to the city, he proceeded to his chambers for the purpose of packing his effects, preparatory to the proposed emigration.

While he was thus engaged, however, he again changed his mind, and resolved to die in England; but he abandoned his project of poisoning himself and substituted that of drowning. For the latter purpose, he ordered a carriage, and directed the driver to take him to tower-wharf, intending to throw himself into the Thames from the custom-house quay. He left the carriage on the wharf intending never to return to it, and proceeded to the quay for the purpose of throwing himself into the river; but he found, when he reached the river side, that the water was low, and, besides, a porter was seated on some goods on the quay, "as if on purpose to prevent" the consummation of his design. He returned to the carriage, closed the blinds, and resolved to resort to the laudanum, which during, all his vagaries, he had not failed to carry with him.

"But," he said, "God had otherwise ordained. A conflict that shook me to pieces, suddenly took place, not merely a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me, in a manner, of the use of my limbs; and my mind was as much shaken as my body. Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often I received an irresistible check; and, even at the time, it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downward as often as I set it against my lips. I well remember," he says, "that I took notice of this circumstance, with some surprise; though it effected no change in my purpose."

At length, the carriage reached the Temple, from which it had taken him, and he repaired to his rooms. He closed both the doors, and prepared for what he intended to be "the last scene of the tragedy." He poured the laudanum into a bowl; set it on a chair, by his bedside; half-undressed himself, and lay down, between the blankets, ready for the murder. Even then, however, his hand was stayed, he began to reproach himself with self-charges of cowardice, and urged himself onward, toward the final act; but when he reached forth his hand to take the bowl the fingers of both hands were as closely contracted as if bound with a cord, and were entirely useless. As his arms were not thus affected, he could have managed to have reached the bowl and carried it to his lips, notwithstanding the rigidity of his fingers; but "this new difficulty struck me with wonder," he said; "it had the air of a divine interposition." He lay on his bed musing on the subject, when his laundry-man—who appears to have been, also, his janitor—unlocked the outer door, and entered the chamber. The evil influence which had controlled him was instantly broken. The fingers were relieved from their convulsive restraint, and he arose from the bed, dressed himself, concealed the bowl in which was the laudanum, and walked out into the dining-room.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wretched man rested with the diversion from his cherished purpose. The rest of the day was spent in a kind of stupid insensibility, in which, while he was as fully bent on self-murder as before, he was, at the same time, quite embarrassed in his selection of the mode of doing it. A visit, during the evening, by a most intimate friend, however, neither disclosed to the visitor the presence of any disorder in his host, nor did it serve to turn the troubled mind of the latter from its purpose of self-destruction.

On the following morning—that on which Mr. Cowper was to appear at the Bar of the House—he arose at three o'clock, found his penknife, took it into bed with him, and, with its point "directly pointed against his heart," turned over upon it; but the point

broke off, and failed to penetrate his body. He arose, bolted (or supposed he bolted) the inner door of his chambers, and with the help of the buckle, formed a noose in his long, scarlet garter, and fixed it about his neck, straining it so tight that he hardly left a passage for his breath or for the blood to circulate, and the tongue of the buckle held it in its place. With the other portion of the garter he formed a loop which he inserted in the noose; then fastening the other end to one of the iron pins which secured some carved work on his bedstead, he cast himself off. But the iron pin bent under the unusual weight, and the miserable man was precipitated to the floor. A second attempt was equally futile, for it seemed to him that every thing employed refused to become accessory to his projected crime.

His attempted self-destruction having been detected, his friends were sent for, his appointment was abrogated, and with it the order for his appearance at the Bar of the House. And thus the cause of his intense unhappiness was removed.

But his mental distress was not quieted by the removal of the cause which had produced it. He was confined to his bed, and his physician ordered him to retire into the country, for quiet and repose—advice which he did not follow; preferring, rather, to remain in his chambers in the Temple.

The solitude of his situation left him at full liberty to reflect on his spiritual littleness, and then, he says, his sins were set in array before him. He began to see and feel that he had lived without God in the world. As he walked to and fro in his chambers, he said within himself, "There never was so abandoned a wretch, so great a sinner." All his worldly sorrows seemed as though they had never been compared with the terrors of his mind, which had succeeded them. One moment, he thought himself shut out from mercy by one chapter, and the next, by another. The sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the Tree of Life from his touch, and to flame against him, in every avenue by which he attempted to approach it. He particularly remembered that the Para-

ble of the Barren Fig-tree was, to him, an inconceivable source of anguish; he applied it to himself with a strong persuasion in his mind, that, when the Savior pronounced a curse upon it, he had him in his eye, and pointed that curse directly at him. He turned from thing to thing, in his anxious search for relief, without finding it, however, and he was strongly tempted to resort to opiates to compose his spirits, and to stupefy his awakened and feeling mind, thus harassed with sleepless nights and days of uninterrupted misery. But God, who would have nothing to interfere with the quickening work which he had begun in him, forbade it; and neither the want of rest nor the continued agony of mind, under which he was suffering could bring him to the use of them—he hated and abhorred the very smell of the laudanum, the opiate which he had proposed to use.

His only brother, a Fellow of Benet College, and a very excellent man and sincere Christian, visited him in London at that time; when his first words of greeting were: “O brother, I am damned! Think of eternity, and then think what it is to be damned!”

His brother, pierced to the heart with the sight of his misery, tried to comfort him; but all to no purpose. He refused to be comforted, and his mind appeared to him in such colors that to attempt to administer comfort to him was only to exasperate him and mock his fears.

At length, an early friend, Martin Madan, was sent for, and he came. Mr. Cowper had regarded him as an enthusiast, but he seemed to be convinced now that if there was any relief he must administer it.

The two friends sat on the bed-side together, and Mr. Madan began to declare the Gospel to the convicted man. He spoke of original sin, and the corruption of every man born into the world, whereby every one is a child of wrath. Mr. Cowper presently perceived something like hope dawning in his heart, since it set him upon a level with the rest of mankind, and made his condition appear less desperate.

Mr. Madan next insisted on the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus and his

righteousness for our justification. While listening to this part of his discourse and to the Scripture upon which he founded it, Mr. Cowper's heart “began to burn within him;” his soul was pierced with a sense of his bitter ingratitude to so merciful a Savior; and those tears, which he had previously thought impossible, burst forth freely. He says that he saw clearly that his case required such a remedy, and he had not the least doubt within himself that this was the Gospel of salvation.

Then Mr. Madan urged the necessity of a lively faith in Jesus Christ—not an assent of the understanding only, but a faith of application, an actually laying hold of it, and embracing it, as a salvation purchased for the distressed man, personally. But there Mr. Cowper failed, and deplored his want of such a faith. He was told that “it is the gift of God,” which his instructor trusted God would bestow upon him. Mr. Cowper could only reply, “I wish he would.” “A very irreverent petition,” he afterward said, “but a very sincere one, and such as the blessed God, in his due time, was pleased to answer.”

From that interview and a subsequent one with Mr. Madan, Mr. Cowper found some relief; but he was “far from easy.” His wounded spirit was less in pain, it is true, but it was by no means healed. Within a few days “that distemper of the mind which he had so ardently wished for actually seized him”—*he became a maniac*. “All that remained clear was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment.” His brother, who was with him, consulted with his friends; and he was immediately removed to St. Albans, where Doctor Cotton, a skillful physician, an accomplished scholar, and well known for his humanity and the sweetness of his temper, kept a house for the reception of patients of that class.

Mr. Cowper had been with Doctor Cotton some months when he was visited by his brother. A great improvement in the condition of his mind was reported by the doctor; but the visitor was disappointed at finding him as silent and reserved as ever. The two brothers, however, walked in the

garden of the institution, when Mr. William Cowper "expressed a settled assurance of sudden judgment" on himself because of his sins. But his brother "protested that that assurance was all a delusion;" and he protested so earnestly that Mr. Cowper "could not help giving some attention to him." The sufferer immediately burst into tears, exclaiming, "If it be a delusion then am I the happiest of beings."

From that moment the malady was broken, and gradually left him. The sudden alteration in him for the better was noticed by the servants, and made a subject of general rejoicing; and he was accustomed to say that, although his brother "only staid one day with me, his company served to put to flight a thousand deliriums and delusions which I still labored under; and the next morning I found myself a new creature." But, notwithstanding the delirium was weakened, the cause of it was not yet removed—"the way of salvation was still hid from my eyes," he said, in a letter to his cousin; "nor did I see it at all clearer than before my illness. I only thought," he continued, "that if it would please God to spare me, I would lead a better life, and that I would yet escape hell, if a religious observance of my duty would secure me from it. Thus may the terror of the Lord make a Pharisee; but only the sweet voice of mercy, in the Gospel, can make a Christian."

"But," he continues, "the happy period which was to shake off my fetters and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God, in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and, seeing a Bible there, I ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fullness and

completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me, so long before, was revived in all its clearness, with 'demonstration of the Spirit and with power.' Unless the Almighty Arm had been under me I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. But the work of the Holy Spirit is best described in his own words—it was 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Thus was my heavenly Father, in Christ Jesus, pleased to give me the full assurance of faith, and, out of a stony, unbelieving heart, to raise up a child unto Abraham. How glad should I now have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving."

The kind physician, Doctor Cotton, pronounced the cure a perfect one when Mr. Cowper had been with him about a year; but it was considered prudent on the part of the latter to remain at St. Albans twelve months longer. During that period he determined to withdraw from London, from society, and from all business. He resigned the office of Commissioner of Bankrupts, which had produced him sixty pounds a year, and which he still held; and his brother, at his request, sought suitable lodgings for him in the vicinity of Cambridge. At the same time his friends subscribed among themselves an annual amount sufficient to make his own diminished fortune support him respectably, but frugally, in retirement. About that time he wrote the hymn commencing:

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war."

At length lodgings were procured for him at Huntingdon; and on the 7th of June, 1765, he left Doctor Cotton's, at St. Albans, taking with him one of the servants of the establishment, to whom he had become attached.

Mr. Cowper was well received, as far as he permitted himself to be received at all,

and he appears to have amused himself with a renewal of his correspondence with such of his friends as had not appeared to have abandoned him. But he was not always cheerful; and there were, now and then, evidences of lingering remains of his old malady. Among those with whom he became acquainted at Huntingdon were Mr. Unwin and his family—"the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of country folks as any I ever met with," he said. Mr. Unwin was a clergyman, whose time was occupied in preparing a few pupils for the University; and his family, consisting of his wife and a grown-up son and daughter, treated the amiable stranger "more like a near relative than a stranger, and their house was always open to him"—just the sympathetic circle of unselfish and intelligent people which the sensitive and delicate stranger needed.

Mr. Cowper had been in Huntingdon about five months when it was seen that his expenses exceeded his income; and he resolved to seek the comforts of a home where the cost of living would be diminished. Accordingly, in November, 1765, he became an inmate of Mr. Unwin's house as a boarder and lodger. He remained with that estimable family as long as that family existed; and Mrs. Unwin was his nurse and constant friend until her death, in 1796.

In 1767, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse; and, as it became necessary for Mrs. Unwin to find a more economical house, she removed to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a few miles from Huntingdon, where the celebrated John Newton, at that time, was the incumbent of the parish, and for whom and whose ministrations both Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin entertained a very high regard.

It has been questioned whether the entirely new associations and religious exercises which Mr. Cowper necessarily formed at Olney were beneficial to his delicate system and sensitive nature; and it has been reasonably urged that the sincerity of Mr. Newton's friendship, the pleasing and picturesque surroundings of the town, and

the devoted attention to his comfort by Mrs. Unwin, were all counteracted by the effects on his sensitive mind of the various religious duties before the world which he was constrained to take part in. Mr. Cowper was one of those "to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison," and he was heard to say that when he was expected to lead a prayer-meeting his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding. It is true that his trepidation almost wholly subsided as soon as he began to speak in prayer; and it is said that "that timidity which he invariably felt at every appearance before his fellow creatures then gave place to an awful, yet delightful, consciousness of the presence of his Savior." But, for such a man to be subjected to the harrowing scenes of the sick-room and the death-bed—"Mr. Newton used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish"—or for such a one to be agitated by hours of nervous excitement, while preparing to lead a prayer-meeting, seemed to invite a return of the terrible malady from which he had been so recently relieved. The strain of such exercises was a trivial affair to an old ship-master like Mr. Newton; but to such a tender mind, to such a wounded yet lively imagination as Mr. Cowper's, it was entirely too severe.

It was during his residence at Olney that Mr. Cowper was induced to assist Mr. Newton in the preparation for the press of the celebrated little volume of "Olney Hymns," a collection which contains not less than sixty-seven of his best known pieces, and through which, it may be said, Mr. Cowper was originally presented to the world as a poet.

At length a gradual change in the character of his correspondence, a discontinuance of that correspondence with some of his nearest and dearest friends, the loss of interest in books, all indicated too clearly the reappearance of that terrible disorder in Mr. Cowper's mind, which had visited him in London in 1763. It is probable that, whatever may have been the effect of his new

associations and different habits, since his removal to Olney, the death of his only brother, which occurred in March, 1770, hastened the development of the disease, and, in January, 1773, it became again a case of decided insanity.

Soon after the return of this sad affliction Mr. Cowper first refused to see Mr. Newton, and then as suddenly he determined to make that gentleman's house his home; and there, regardless of her own health or the tongue of slander, Mrs. Unwin was his unwearied attendant day and night, until May, 1774, when he was induced to return to his own home at her own house. He received no pleasure, however, either from company or books; but he delighted to potter around the garden and to play with two tame hares which for nearly twelve years continued to amuse him; and it was not until late in 1776 that he resumed his correspondence with any of his friends, and about the same time his love of books revived.

Early in 1780 Mr. Newton removed from Olney, and his place in Mr. Cowper's affections was filled by a Dissenting minister, Rev. William Bull, whose amiable disposition and congenial taste and cultivated understanding gradually gained his cordial and confidential esteem. But, notwithstanding his disease was not always as violent as it had been during Mr. Newton's last three years' residence in Olney, Mr. Cowper may be said to have remained, during the entire remaining years of his life, an amiable, sensitive, intelligent imbecile. He was carefully attended to by Mrs. Unwin; his necessary wants were supplied, economically, by his distant friends; and his latter days were spent in peaceful retirement, mostly in the preparation of those poetical works which have made his name immortal.

The publication of his first volume, in which were only some trifles of an early date, and the pieces which he had written during the preceding Winter, appears to have very much interested him in 1781 and 1782. Early in 1783 he began to write "The Task," and about the same time to make some translations from Madame Guion's poems. In the Autumn of 1784 "The Task" was com-

pleted: and so satisfactory had been the reception of his first volume by the press and the public that the same publisher did not hesitate to send the second to press.

While "The Task" was passing through the press, "John Gilpin" was becoming very popular. It had been written in a night for the amusement of a friend; and without its author's name, it had found a place in a newspaper. From that unpromising receptacle, at the instance of Richard Sharp, the essayist, it was taken by Mr. Henderson, the great actor of those days, who was then delivering public recitations at Freemason's Hall, in London, before crowded houses of the most distinguished residents of the metropolis. Indeed, "John Gilpin" was on every tongue in London; and a picture dealer is said to have sold six thousand copies of one, representing Gilpin passing "the Bell at Edmonton." Of course the country echoed the praises of the anonymous bantling which the city had awarded to it, and before Mr. Cowper had become known as its author, he was already famous the country over. His publisher profited by that excitement, by giving it a place in the second volume of Mr. Cowper's writings, and thus the authorship of the immortal ballad was first announced to the world.

The fame of the ballad secured the success of "The Task," and the success of "The Task" not only opened a market for the copies of the former volume, which were yet unsold, but it also created a demand for a new edition in 1785, in which all the writings of Mr. Cowper were united in one work of two volumes.

In November, 1784, Mr. Cowper commenced to make a new translation of Homer. "The Task" had been finished, the last sheet of proofs of the second volume of his writings had been returned to the printer; his spirits began to droop because of the lack of employment for his pen; and this new undertaking was commenced in order to preserve him from the return of the disease.

In the Spring of 1786 Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed from the very humble quarters which they had so long occupied at Olney, to a more comfortable home in the

neighboring village of Weston, where they enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Throckmorton, the representative of an ancient Roman Catholic family, who resided at Weston Hall in the vicinity of the village. There they continued to live in the enjoyment of more comforts than they had commanded at Olney, until July, 1795, when they were removed to Norfolk.

Mr. Cowper's translation of Homer was published in the Summer of 1791, and produced for him additional literary honor and a thousand pounds in money, with urgent invitations from his publisher to continue his labors. Accordingly he agreed to edit Milton's writings,—“the most splendid and magnificent edition of Milton that ever was offered to the public.” But his failing health and faculties prevented the completion of that purpose; and a pension of three hundred pounds from the king, and the greater liberality of his family connections—both undoubtedly the result of that great success as an author which “John Gilpin” had obtained for him and established—rendered the employment of his pen no longer a necessity.

During December, 1791, Mrs. Unwin was visited with paralysis, which seriously impaired her ability to discharge the duties of her household; and at the same time Mr. Cowper's affliction was evidently increasing in severity. A few weeks afterwards Mrs. Unwin suffered a second attack, from which she never entirely recovered; and thus the two invalids passed their lives in affliction until the Summer of 1795, when one of Mr. Cowper's cousins from Norfolk visited him at Weston, where also another cousin, Lady

Harriet Hesketh, was at the same time visiting. The two cousins, with the approval of the physician, determined to break up the household at Weston, and to remove the two invalids, Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, to Norfolk, where Mr. Johnson resided. In the Autumn of 1796 Mr. Johnson removed the helpless couple to his own house at Dereham; and there on the 17th of December following, Mrs. Unwin died; and there, on the 25th of April 1800, Mr. Cowper also was relieved from the miseries of his earthly career.

Of the writings of Mr. Cowper, so generally is their superiority recognized, it is unnecessary for us to say much. His letters are justly regarded as the most elegant which the English language has produced; while his poetry presents such a variety as that of few others can present,—playful, and by turns, pathetic; tender and sympathetic, and, at other times, bitterly sarcastic; rivaling Thomson in picturesque delineation, and far surpassing him in elegance. In all that he wrote are seen the evidences of his mature authorship, his accurate scholarship, his singular purity, and his sincere piety.

Of his individual character, it may be said that he was an amiable, timid, and retiring man; scholarly in his tastes and habits; without business education or habits sufficient to manage his own affairs, even when he was in the enjoyment of good health; suffering constantly from the most terrible of diseases; and an humble, sincere Christian, not always reading “his title clear to mansions in the skies,” but such an one, doubtless, as God will recognize as his “when he shall make up his jewels.”

FLORA MACDONALD.

THIS is one of the names that the world will not willingly let die. It belongs to the simplest yet grandest heroine of the Western Isles of Scotland have ever borne. Flora Macdonald first drew breath in the narrow, jagged Island of South Uist, one of the outer Hebrides, in the year of grace, 1720. She died on the 4th of March, 1790, after seventy years of checkered, troublous, joyous experience of this earthly life. The daughter of Macdonald of Melton, who belonged to the Clanrauld branch of the clan, she was left in half-orphanage while yet an infant, by the death of her father. Her mother, soon afterward, married Macdonald of Armadale, in Skye, to which Island Flora was removed.

Little is known of her early life. It was, doubtless, domestic, monotonous, yet contented. Up to her twenty-sixth year she had never been absent from the mist-crowned, gloomy group of insular fragments, apparently broken off from the main-land, and half-engulfed by the sea. At that age she is said to have been of "fair complexion, of small figure, well-proportioned, and of mild disposition and manner." Her portrait, painted in 1747 while in London after her liberation for Commodore Smith, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Duchess of Sutherland, and also to those of sundry celebrated women. It may be none the less authentic for all that. Certainly it is eloquent of gravity, dignity, beauty, with no little sweetness and force. These elements must have been markedly mixed in her character to attract the attention, and to justify the confidence of Prince Charles Edward's companions in flight.

Fortunately, enough is known of the circumstances and social forces under which young Scottish ladies of her rank developed into maturity to enable us to understand that character, to appreciate the nobility of her spirit, and the rock-like steadfastness of the principles, illustrated in two hemispheres, during her long career. The phys-

ical characteristics of her native isles, wonderfully charming in Summer beauty, and terrible in Wintery sternness, were largely influential in evoking that cool, resolute daring and patient enthusiasm for which she became so famous. The wild surges of the Atlantic raged on the indented coast, the tempestuous winds swept over the rugged hills and swirled through the narrow straits, often making the brief passage from isle to isle one of extreme difficulty and danger, and demanding the utmost fortitude, courage, and fertility of expedient from the voyager. Amid such scenes Flora Macdonald received no small part of her practical education. For generations, her ancestors, shut out from civilization by sea and mountain, forest and intricate pass, had bravely contended with the same perils, and transmitted the quick-sighted forcefulness and impulsive energy generated by them to their descendants.

To her lineage and education Flora was indebted for the splendid loyalty exhibited first, to the Pretender, Charles Edward, and secondly, to the House of Hanover. Loyalty to hereditary authority was, to the Macdonalds, an inherited instinct, a passionate principle, a religious duty. They were specially renowned for it—renowned too for deeds of valor, and anciently extended sway. They had once possessed in the Hebrides, and throughout the mountainous counties of Argyll and Inverness, an ascendancy similar to that formerly enjoyed by the Hapsburgs in Christendom. But that ascendancy had waned before the growing power of the children of Diarmid, the aggressive Campbells. Still, they were one of the fiercest and most powerful of the clans. The Isles Macdonalds were Highlanders of the Highlanders. Macdonald of Sleat was chief of the name, and claimed the "honor of being the rightful successor of those Lords of the Isles, who, as late as the fifteenth century, disputed the pre-eminence of the Kings of Scotland."*

* Macaulay's "History of England," Vol. III, p. 292.

To him, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Kepoch, and Glengarry owed allegiance. To him, as the Macdonald, all looked up with almost adoring reverence, while they obeyed his commands with implicit promptitude. Women shared these sentiments with the men. Both sexes found it easy to extend their loyal regards beyond the chieftain to the national suzerain. The king was to them the visible representative of divine majesty and power, and as such entitled to the unstinted devotion of life, fortune, and sacred honor. No bribe could induce them to swerve from their allegiance. The reward of thirty thousand pounds, offered for the apprehension of the Pretender, none dreamed of earning. Temptation to treachery served only to intensify loyalty, and embitter hatred to the Saxon tempters.

Proud, punctilious, and careful of social distinction, the Isles man always had "a bared head for his chief, a jealous eye for his equal, an armed heel for his inferior." This spirit, under its best aspects, our heroine conventionally exemplified.

Her education had been intended to fit her for the duties of the social sphere into which she was born. One hundred and fifty years ago educationalists aimed at nothing beyond such adaptation. In point of fact, women did influence society then well-nigh as potently as now. Elizabeth, of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots, were examples. But yet few, if any, thought of imparting to women the best education possible, that they might, in the possibilities of the future, most powerfully affect the world for the world's good. Flora Macdonald's father, step-father, brother, and husband, belonged to the *tacksman* class. The *tacksman* was a "large taker or leaseholder of land, of which he keeps a part as a domain in his own hand, and lets part to under tenants. These *tacks*, or subordinate possessions, were long considered as hereditary, and the occupant was distinguished by the name of the place at which he resided."^{*} Thus Flora's husband was known, like his father, as Kingsburgh.

^{*}Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands."—Works, Vol. VI, p. 82.

The wife of the *tacksman* was called "*mistress* of Kingsburgh, the *mistress* of Corrichatachin."^{*} The *tacksmen* were the gentry, or gentlemen farmers of the country, aristocratic by birth and connection, yet partly dependent on business for maintenance. They linked together the highest and lowest orders.

The daughters of the *tacksmen* were not ordinarily "highly accomplished," in the modern sense of the phrase. Dr. Johnson said of Miss Maclean, "She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly, and is the first person whom I have found that can translate Erse poetry literally."[†] Flora could not vie with Miss Maclean. Her accomplishments seem rather to have been those of "the elder daughters of the higher families" who were sent into the world, and contributed, "by their acquisitions, to the improvement of the rest. Women must here study to be either pleasing or useful."[‡] Whether her real name was Flora, and if so, whether she knew the proper spelling of it, is a question that admits of doubt. Sir Walter Scott remarks that she "signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*."^{||} She was certainly taught to read and write; what besides does not appear in the record. The Hebrides afforded no facilities for higher education. Thirty years later, Dr. Johnson could not hear of any boarding school for ladies nearer than Inverness. Whatever of instruction, secular or spiritual, could be gathered from book or minister, or traveler, was quietly absorbed and utilized. As a Presbyterian by profession, she would be familiar with the Westminster Confession and Catechism, and also with that most priceless of books, which delineates the true life of man and woman, while it supplies

^{*}Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Vol. II, p. 282. Note.

[†]Boswell's "Johnson," Vol. II, p. 409.

[‡]Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands"—Works, Vol. VI, p. 100,

^{||}Boswell's "Johnson," Vol. II, p. 305.

the true incentives to its embodiment—the Holy Bible.

Whether our heroine was superstitious or not we can not determine. Her countrymen undoubtedly were. The essence of superstition is in close affinity with that of unreasoning loyalty to men or to systems. Both are distilled under the somber skies of the Western Isles. Neither has been dissipated, save by the persistent attacks of godly reason. By the Winter fireside she heard weird talk of thrilling *taisches*, or the voices of those who are about to die; also of the *second sight*, which discerned funerals weeks before the event. The mourners, their dresses, and the encoffined dead, were all plainly visible to the gifted seer. The Macdonalds of Skye have not wholly ceased to believe in *taisches* and *second-sight* even now—despite enlightened clergy and skeptical tourists.

A glance at the domestic and social life of the Isles men will enable us to comprehend some of the circumstances under which Flora Macdonald attained her twenty-sixth year. While the cottages of her poorer kinsmen were generally constructed of turf covered with grass—or had at best wattled walls plastered with mud, or two exterior surfaces of stone filled up with earth in the middle, and thatched with straw or heath or fern, held down by ropes of straw, to the ends of which stones were tied, so that the roof looked like a lady's hair in curl papers, her domicile was substantially built of stone, impervious alike to wind and weather. The tables of the tacksmen were plentifully furnished, the whisky and punch were abundant, and the customs of the people joyous and social. Their ancient language was spoken with fluent vivacity. Erse songs were sung with great spirit, and particular respect was shown to genial guests. Manners were somewhat free—notably in convivial assemblies. The faithful Boswell lovingly describes the Highland beauties whom Johnson toasted with so much gusto, and who vied with each other in crying out, with a strong Celtic pronunciation, "Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health!" Did Flora join in those convivialities, and toast

the erudite bear with a brogue that would raise her to distinction in our best circles? Very likely. She did not hesitate to call him a *buck*, or fashionable dandy,—an appellation to which he subsequently justified his title at the house of Mackinnon of Corrichatachin. Bozzy's eyes evidently sparkled as he jotted down the details. Hear him: "This evening, one of our married ladies, a lively, pretty little woman, good-humoredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and, being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands around his neck and kissed him.

"Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first."

"He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comic, to see the grave philosopher, the rambler, toying with a Highland beauty. But what could he do?" asks Bozzy; "he must have been surly and weak, too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at and not more respected, though less loved."*

If such freedom were permissible in the great moralist's presence, no less liberty, assuredly, was taken in his absence—in ordinary convivial gatherings. Flora Macdonald presents herself to us on the eve when the procession of events raised her to the pinnacle of historic fame, as a fair, *petite*, symmetrical damsel, mild in manner and disposition—full of quiet, resolute energy, quick-sighted and prompt in action, fertile in resource, devotedly loyal to divinely constituted authority, fairly educated, conventionally free in manner, somewhat superstitious, perhaps; and prepared to do and dare to the uttermost where the dictates of the conscience are supported by the impulses of the heart. The opportunity will soon wait upon her.

In the month of June, 1746, Flora Macdonald left Armadale, her usual abode, to visit her step-brother at Melton, in South

* Boswell's "Johnson," Vol II, p. 362.

Uist. Another visitor makes his appearance about the same time. Eight days after the fatal battle of Culloden, the unfortunate Stuart embarked for that remote cluster of isles, the outer Hebrides, to which the common name of Long Island is applied. Driven hither and thither, subsisting mainly on oatmeal and water, he at length gained South Uist.

The elder Clanranald partly supplies his wants. But he is tracked by pursuers. Two thousand soldiers, regulars and militia, land on the island, and begin an eager search. Thirty thousand pounds will enrich the successful discoverers. Concealment or escape seem alike impossible, and "so they must have proved but for Miss Flora Macdonald."* Her political opinions are known, the force and wealth of her nature appreciated. Captain O'Neil, the Chevalier's companion in distress, ventures the proposal that she shall take Charles—disguised as a woman—with her to Skye. Jacobite, ingrained as she is, the proposal is declined. Guards are stationed at all ferries, all boats are broken up, war vessels are cruising in the offing, and passports are required of all travelers. It is impossible. But a clandestine interview with the Prince silenced all objections, and she entered enthusiastically into the scheme.

Passports to Skye were obtained from her step-father, Armadale, then a militia officer in the island, for herself, man servant, and *Betty Burke*, her maid. Lady Clanranald and Flora then seek out Betty, and find him in a little hut by the sea-shore occupied in roasting the heart of a sheep on a wooden spit. Both ladies burst into tears. Charles smiles, and observes that it would be as well perhaps for all kings to pass through a similar ordeal.

That evening the Prince embarked at Benbesula, in his new attire in company with Flora, and Neil Mac Eachan, a faithful Highlander, who acted as man-servant. History has preserved a faithful account of the "muckle woman's" dress. It "consisted of a flowered linen gown, a light-colored quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of

dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood."** Dawn found them at sea, in an open boat, with no land in view. Soon the dark mountains of Skye rose on the horizon. Nearing the coast at Waterish, they are greeted by volleys of musketry from the soldiers stationed there. The fire proves to be harmless, and Neil Mac Eachan's strong arms soon pull them out of danger, and land them at another point, east of Loch Snizort.

Charles is now in the country of Sir Alexander Macdonald, at first a waverer, but now hostile, and arrayed with his whole clan against the Jacobites. He is on the mainland, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland. His wife, Lady Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, keeps house in his absence, and entertains sundry militia officers on active service. But to her Flora at once repairs and implores her aid; relying either on the presumed Jacobitism of Lady Margaret, or on the feminine compassion which so often incites to heroic daring for the relief of the perishing.

Her supplication is received with many expressions of pain and surprise, but is nevertheless justified by the active benevolence and keen-witted ingenuity of the lady of Mugat, who intrusts the prince with many injunctions to carefulness to the keeping of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the kinsman and factor of her husband. According to Sir Alexander Macdonald's letter, published in the "Culloden Papers," page 291, the Stuart is in exceedingly bad case: "The Pretender accosted Kingsburgh with telling him that his life was now in his hands, which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting on a rock, beat upon by the rains, and when they ceased, ate up by flies; conjured him to show compassion but for one night, and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed, and the visible distress, for he was meager, ill-colored, and overrun with the scab; so they went to Kingsburgh's house, etc." While the latter worthy seeks out

* Lord Mahon's, "History of England." Vol. iii, p. 499.

** Alexander Smith's "Summer in Skye," p. 146.

the fugitive, Flora is entertained at dinner by many roses of compliment from a militia captain, who talks of the prince and perhaps of his desire to catch him. She pleads the anxieties of her mother on account of her absence, excuses herself, kisses the hostess, mounts her horse and rides after the prince to Kingsburgh. On the road thither it is necessary to cross several streams. The *pseudo* Betty Burke raises her petticoats so high as to attract the notice and ridicule of passing rustics. Admonished to be more prudent, she carries reformation to such an extreme that at the next brook the skirts hang down and float upon the water. Even loyal solicitude found it difficult to chase the smiles from Flora's face. "Your enemies," remarks Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender, but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst of your trade I ever saw."

Cordially and hospitably entertained at Kingsburgh's house, he hugely relished his supper, his glass, and the good bed in which he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock. In the afternoon, still in company with Flora Macdonald and a man-servant, Betty Burke sat out for Portree. Her old shoes had been exchanged by the kind host for a new pair, which were kept by him as long as he lived, and after his death were sold to a zealous Jacobite gentleman for twenty guineas. On the way Betty Burke underwent metamorphosis, or rather Prince Charles recovered his identity, by changing his feminine apparel for man's attire,—"a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet."* Meanwhile a boat had been procured in the island of Rasay by young Rasay and Dr. Macleod, and beached about half a mile from the inn at Portree. Arriving at that place, Prince Charles entered the inn and was greeted by Donald Roy, whom he had seen at Mugstot, and who informed him of what had been concerted. Bidding adieu to the chivalrous heroine to whom he was indebted for life and liberty, with many fervent protestations of gratitude, he quietly slipped out of the house, and was conveyed

at night to Rasay. He and his fair protectress never met again. In the disguise of a servant, and under the name of Lewis Caw, he made good his escape to the more congenial climate of France. Neither better nor worse than the majority of the Stuarts, in every element of true greatness he sank immeasurably below the true-hearted woman who risked so much to save him.

Participation in the Pretender's escape soon became known, and in the course of a few days thereafter Flora Macdonald was arrested by Talisker, one of the Macleods, with the object, probably, of keeping her out of ruder hands. Official zeal was brutal enough to inflict any outrage on unsuccessful rebels and rebel sympathizers. This is obvious from the reported examination of Kingsburgh and his wife by Captain Fergusson, of the *Furnace*, man-of-war, relative to this affair. Fergusson asks, "where Miss Flora and the person who was with her in woman's clothes lay?" Kingsburgh answered with gentlemanly spirit, "he knew where Miss Flora lay, but as for servants he never asked any questions about them." The captain then, brutally enough, asked Mrs. Macdonald "whether she laid the young Pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed?" She answered with great temper and readiness, "Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you it is not the fashion in Skye to lay mistress and maid in the same bed together." The captain then desired to see the rooms where they lay, and remarked, shrewdly enough, "that the room wherein the supposed maid-servant lay was better than that of her mistress."*

Subsequent to arrest, Flora was sent on board the *Furnace* and transported to Leith. There she was transferred to Commodore Smith's ship, and conveyed to the Nore. On the 6th of December, in the same year, after five months' imprisonment on shipboard, she was committed to the custody of the messenger Dick, and remained in his care until July, 1747, when she was dis-

* *Boswell's Johnson*, Volume II, page 471.

* *Ascanius*, cited in *Boswell's Johnson*, Volume II, page 306. Note.

charged under the act of indemnity, without any trial or even the formality of an investigation. The truth is, her noble conduct had won warm friends in the royal family. Frederick, Prince of Wales, had visited and interceded for her. He it was who defended Lady Margaret Macdonald to his wife in the generous words, "And would *you* not have done the *same*, madam, had he come to you, as to her, in distress and danger? I hope—I am sure you would!"

Whether the heir apparent contributed to the purse of fifteen hundred pounds, presented to Miss Flora by the Jacobite ladies of London, is not known; not improbably he did. Lady Primrose generously entertained her; metropolitan fashion lionized her; she who had never imagined that she had done aught worthy of special praise, suddenly found herself famous. London, however, could not detain her. She retired to Edinburgh, and thence returned to Skye.

Safe once more in her island home, Flora's heart and hand were sought and won by young Kingsburgh, son of her gallant accomplice in the escape of Prince Charles. Boswell thus portrays him as he appeared in 1773: "Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting 'the graceful mien and manly looks' which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair, tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance."*

Like many other men of stately carriage and imposing presence, Macdonald of Kingsburgh found himself "embarrassed in his affairs," and therefore "intended to go to America." Boswell added, "I pleased myself in thinking that so spirited a man would be well every-where,"—a rather ambiguous reflection. Johnson, in the account of his "Journey to the Western Islands," records:

"We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history; and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." To Mrs. Thrale he further says, "She told me that she thought herself honored by my visit, and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid." "If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue." Not only was he "very liberally feasted," but so highly honored that he could add, "and I slept in the bed in which the prince reposed in his distress."

Like Boswell, Johnson was sorry to find them contemplating emigration. "She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortunes in America.

"Sic rerum volvitur orbis."

Multitudes of the Islesmen had already emigrated. It had become popular to so do. Mr. M'Kinnon told them that when a ship sailed from Portree for America the year before "the people on shore were almost distracted when they saw their relatives go off; they lay down on the ground, tumbled, and tore the grass with their teeth. This year there was not a tear shed. The people on the shore seemed to think that they would soon follow."

The Kingsburgh Macdonalds did soon follow, and had established themselves in North Carolina some time prior to the Declaration of Independence. Emigration from the Highlands of Scotland to North Carolina had flowed with uninterrupted current from 1746 to 1776. The volume of the stream varied considerably, being proportioned to the degree of local pressure around its origin. It was most copious immediately after the suppression of the insurrection in favor of Prince Charles. The captured at Drumossie Moor, or Culloden, and the multitudes subsequently apprehended, were pardoned on condition of emigration to America. Before sailing they were compelled to take a solemn oath of fidelity to King George.

The abolition of the heritable jurisdiction

* Boswell's Johnson, Volume II, page 305.

about the same time, and the associated changes in the tenure of lands, gave rise to many oppressions of the people, both by the government and the landed proprietors. The thoughts of the harassed clansmen naturally turned to their compatriots in exile, whom they determined to follow. But from them also, as indirectly implicated in the rebellion, the same stringent oath of allegiance was exacted.

These oaths were binding on the consciences of the emigrants. As such, they were strictly observed. Perjury is not a Scottish vice. One who solemnly swears on the Holy Bible to the truth of a statement is implicitly and universally believed—at least in the Hebrides. The same remark may be made with almost equal justice of all Scotland. Diligent examination of the records of the High Court of Edinburgh discovered only four cases of perjury in the previous hundred years. In all probability Flora Macdonald and her husband took the oath of allegiance anew before leaving for the distant colony on the Cape Fear, disturbed as it was by the agitation of patriots, who were determined to be free and independent of the Georges and of the realms they governed. The effect of the oaths taken by the emigrants in western Scotland was apparent throughout the entire Revolutionary struggle. The Scottish colonists who had emigrated prior to 1746 were Republicans. Those who had crossed the ocean after that epoch were Royalists. These facts, ably and impartially stated by the Rev. Dr. Caruthers in his "Old North State in 1776," need to be remembered by all who would form a just opinion of the part taken by Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, and his celebrated wife, in the Colonial troubles of that eventful year.

Whether they left the Isle of Skye for their new home in the West in 1773 (the year of Dr. Johnson's visit) or not is not apparent. Certain it is that they were settled in North Carolina in 1775. The reason of removal, as stated by Caruthers, and as inferable from the statements of Johnson and Boswell, was, that they could no longer maintain the style of living suitable to their

rank. Be that as it may, in the strife between the Colonies and the mother country they proved to be as devoted adherents of the House of Hanover as they had been of the House of Stuart. Such was the case with other Jacobites. Those of social standing, spared after Culloden, were induced to enter the British army, in which they served until the general peace of 1763; after which they gradually emigrated to America, and chiefly to North Carolina. These all exerted their traditional and family influence to keep the Scotch settlers loyal to the British throne.

On the 10th of January, 1776, Governor Martin issued commissions to Allan Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, and many others, to raise the king's standard in North Carolina, and to "array in arms all his majesty's loyal and faithful subjects within their respective counties." In placing Allan Macdonald's name first in the list of commissioned officers, Governor Martin probably intended that he should be commander of the loyal Colonial forces. Some writers indeed term him the *colonel* of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. That, however, is a mistake. High-minded, chivalrous, aristocratic, devotedly loyal, and with some experience of military service, he would seem to have been eminently fitted for that position. But the exigencies of the situation compelled the governor to appoint Colonel Donald Macdonald, who had been sent thither from Boston, Massachusetts, by General Gage, to the command. Kingsburgh was commissioned as major. The call to arms was answered with familiar promptitude. About fifteen hundred Scotchmen assembled under arms at Cross Creek, North Carolina, where every possible effort was made to arouse martial enthusiasm and excite to heroic achievement in the royal cause. In these labors Flora Macdonald, true to the spirit and customs of her race, to her own historic renown, and to the sworn obligations of her husband and kinsfolk, was pre-eminent. Says the patriotic historian of the Old North State, "she was a host in herself." All her vast personal influence and varied accomplishments had been employed to induce

them to enlist, and were then exerted to imbue them with her own self-sacrificing and heroic spirit. Not only was she represented among the royalists by her husband, but by her son John, who was a captain, and by her son-in-law, Alexander Macleod, who was a colonel. The eloquence of her tongue was enforced by the spectacle of her example, the cheerfulness of her sacrifices, and the fidelity and zeal exemplified for what she conscientiously deemed the cause of law, order, and divinely established subordination.

The jealous and quarrelsome temper of the volunteers, and the impossibility of reconciling conflicting family claims, ruined the efficiency of the force; just as the same causes had ruined the efficiency of the Pretender's army at the disastrous conflict on Drumossie moor. But notwithstanding the lack of organization and discipline, they fought with ancestral intrepidity at the momentous battle of Moore's Creek, in February, 1776—a battle that did as much for the patriotic cause in the South as that of Lexington had done in the East. Superior strategy, a comparatively unassailable position, and better drilled numbers, enabled the Revolutionists to inflict an overwhelming defeat. Eight hundred and fifty common soldiers were made prisoners. Allan Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, was captured in company with General Macdonald and other officers, and afterward sent to the Provincial Congress at Halifax for their disposal. "After trial their property was confiscated, and they were sent to Philadelphia for safe-keeping." There most of them were imprisoned until they were exchanged.

From sundry remarks scattered through the writings of contemporaries, and for other reasons, it is to be inferred that Kingsburgh did not attempt to rejoin his family in North Carolina. As a British soldier he did valiant services to his sovereign, both in the United States and in Canada, before reunion with his gifted spouse at the old home in Skye.

While her lord was held in durance vile at Germantown, the heroic wife and part of her family lived at a plantation on Little

River, in North Carolina. The plantation belonged to a Mr. Black. War to the knife then raged between Whigs and Tories. Deeds of diabolical wickedness were perpetrated by both parties. The worst atrocities of the bad old days in the Highland were faithfully repeated. It was not to be expected that one so distinguished, so feared, and so hated, as Flora Macdonald, would altogether escape insult and violence. Neither did she—at least in the persons of her daughters. Caruthers relates that "Mr. Black's family having had the small-pox, two daughters of Flora Macdonald (who resided within three or four miles of Mr. Black) came over to see their friends and his family; but to their utter surprise they found the Whigs there, who took the gold rings from their fingers and the silk handkerchiefs from their necks; then, putting their swords into their bosoms, split down their silk dresses, and, taking them out into the yard, stripped them of all their outer clothing." The miscreants then collected their plunder, mounted and prepared to start, when Mrs. Black said to them: "Well, you have a bad companion with you." "What is that?" they inquired. "The small-pox," was the reply. Instantly they threw down blankets, clothing, and every thing else of the kind, and rode off in great haste, leaving the Misses Macdonald to recover their garments at leisure.

The suppression of the Royalists in North Carolina, the captivity of the husband, the absence of some of the children, the confiscation of property, and the prospect of continuous poverty, combined to decide the Mistress of Kingsburgh to return to the Old World.

Return she did. What disposition was made of unmarried children, or whether they were sent before, is not to be learned from accessible records. She returned alone. Heart-sore, disappointed, and despondent must the lone heroine have felt as the shores of America receded, and the vessel bore her back to the scenes of earlier life. But she was Flora Macdonald still. On the way her ship was intercepted by a French war vessel. A warm engagement ensued. Her Highland blood rose above the boiling point, and she plunged

as resolutely into the fray as of old into the unlighted waters of the boisterous Minch, with Neil Mac Eachan and Prince Charlie. The crew caught the contagion of her splendid courage, and fought with such desperate valor that the adversary quickly sheered off out of the fight. A broken arm, occasioned by a fall in the conflict, served to remind her for some time of that stirring episode.

Resettled in Skye, some time elapsed before Kingsburgh rejoined her. The family circle seems never to have been reunited. Her four sons entered the British army, and the two heroines of Little River became the wives of British soldiers. Their descendants are still numerous among the Macdonalds of Sleat. Quiet, restful, and monotonous, the years passed by, until mortal sickness presaged near dissolution. At death her body was wrapped in one of the sheets of the bed in which Prince Charles had passed the night at Kingsburgh. The other had long before been used in the same manner for her mother-in-law. Flora Macdonald

had carried that unwashed article with her to America, and in all her wanderings at home and abroad. Nor did she part company with it when wanderings ceased; but, redolent as it was with odors of loyalty, royalty, and time, drew it around her as she lay down to that slumber from which only the archangel's trumpet can awaken the sleepers. Kilmuir church-yard holds her mortal remains. There, writes a recent tourist, "every thing was in hideous disrepair. The gate was open, the tombstones were broken and defaced, and above the grave of the heroine nettles were growing luxuriantly." What is that church-yard at Kilmuir but an impressive emblem of that royalty to whose service her life was devoted? Royalty and life alike are failures. Alike are failures? No, never! While the world stands, and truth, fidelity, courage, and self-sacrifice are held to be factors of real success, will it keep in greenness the memory and magnify the heroic virtues of

FLORA MACDONALD.

A MISTAKE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

NOT a little proud, not a little precise, crisp as the air of a Winter's morning, yet genial at heart as the fire of a Winter's evening was Miss Eunice Hastings. Growing old gracefully, or, at least, honestly, hiding with no paint or powder the tell-tale lines on her forehead, nor disguising with any device the waving hair that had changed from brown to silver. Miss Eunice hated shams. Her very dress showed always for exactly what it was, though, to be sure, as a neighbor somewhat enviously observed, "that was n't such a great virtue when a body's plain colors could be of the finest material, and their lace real."

Miss Eunice's house was like herself, plain, substantial, a trifle old style, with its prim angles counterbalanced by sunny windows; in unruffled serenity and faultless order always, and—was that like her too?—a little lonely in its quiet. What could have pos-

sessed her to introduce into that house such a whirlwind, in small human form, as her nephew Philly was a problem over which old Martha in the kitchen pondered long and vainly.

"'Cause every thing was that orderly and that reg'lar, that it seemed to go of itself; and now it's a pair of big eyes here, and a lot of yaller curls there, and two little heels a twinklin' over yonder, and you can't never tell where any thing is a goin' to turn up, specially the boy himself," said Martha.

For Philly was undeniably a mischief, and so regarded even in his own home, where children were the rule instead of the exception, where the free and easy rooms were used to high carnival, and where nobody was surprised to see Indian wigwams loom up suddenly in the front yard, or robbers' caves appear under the dining table. But for a house like Miss Eunice's—and she had

actually coaxed the young tribulation to come! Poor Martha was fast becoming a living interrogation point.

It might have been because of that suspicion of loneliness about the place, for Miss Eunice had been abroad for three years, and the old home felt new. Then with her faint frostiness of reserve, she made friends slowly, and being, moreover, a High-church woman, and strongly attached to her chosen ritual of worship, she did not visit the "Non-conformist chapel," as she designated the pretty little village church, the only one that Hillsdale afforded; and so she was shut out in great measure from the parish work and interests; from nearly all such work and associations, indeed, since the Sabbaths when she could ride seven miles to attend the Church of her choice were rare.

Whatever had been the cause of his coming, Philly disapproved of this state of affairs, and moved about restlessly as a long Sunday morning wore on.

"I do n't see," he remarked, with his nose flattened against a window-pane, "why we do n't go to church or Sunday-school, or somewhere."

"There is no Church of ours here, dear," answered Miss Eunice from over her velvet prayer-book.

"Ours?" replied Philly slowly, pondering the question of proprietorship. "Well ain't there any of God's Churches here, Auntie? 'Cause I'd just as lief go to one of them."

"That," as the secretly delighted Martha observed to herself, "was something there was n't no response set down for in the prayer-book."

Miss Eunice looked a trifle disconcerted, but in the afternoon Master Philly was committed to Martha's charge, and allowed to visit the village school.

"Children can not understand fine distinctions," remarked Miss Eunice, meditatively.

Philly certainly could not. He came home delighted, announced his intention of going regularly, and had, moreover, picked up an acquaintance or two by the way whom he invited, with charming hospitality, to "come round to-morrow." He failed to see

that the ragged jacket and bare feet of Tommy Green, from down the road, detracted in the least from his desirableness as a companion, and Martha's expostulations produced only the wondering reply:

"Why, I do n't want to play with his clothes! He can't stand on his head much as forty minutes, and build the best kind of mud ovens, 'cause he said so."

Philly could not perceive either that furniture looked better in one place than in another, nor understand why Aunt Eunice's piano playing should be regarded as beautiful while his own vigorous thumping on the same instrument was called "a dreadful noise;" and it was this incapacity with regard to distinctions that astonished Martha countless times daily, and called forth the constant ejaculation:

"Such a child in this house!"

Philly, however, considered himself precisely the right person in the right place. He saw numerous opportunities for usefulness, and was earnest in his endeavors to assist in all the work and projects of the house, being only surprised, not discouraged, that his efforts were unappreciated.

"Aunt Eunice," he reported, presenting himself in her room, "Martha do n't want me to build fires or help her make jelly. She says she does n't need me."

"Does n't she?" questioned Miss Eunice absently, her eyes running over the note she had just written—an invitation to two old acquaintances, artist sisters, whom she had not seen since her return from abroad.

"Dear Friends,—I am quite settled at home again, and I am anxious to see you, and hear how the work in which you are so interested has prospered. Can you not spend to-morrow afternoon with me? Do come, if possible, and let us have a talk in old style over a social cup of tea. Excuse my not visiting you when I was so near; I will explain the reason hereafter."

That was sufficient, Miss Eunice decided, and signed her name while Philly explained a variety of things past, present, and future. Suddenly her occupation arrested his attention.

"O Auntie! I'll mail it for you; mamma let me mail one of hers at home. You just

run down to the corner and drop 'em in a box; I'd just as lief do it as not."

"No, dear; it has no envelope on," answered Miss Eunice thoughtlessly. "Run away now, I must write some labels for Martha's fruit while I have pen and paper about."

Philly wandered out to the stairs, and amused himself by sliding down the balustrade to the hall below; then he tried harnessing the cat to his wheelbarrow, burned his forehead in an attempt to curl his hair with a hot poker, as he had seen the cook do at home, and, having exhausted a number of like employments, bethought him once more of Aunt Eunice's letter, and that it might be time to attend to it. Miss Eunice had left the room for a minute, but the letter lay there neatly folded in a blank white envelope.

"Yes, it's ready!" Philly nodded his curly head in satisfaction, and took possession of the document at once, passing out of the house and down the broad walk to the road with an exceedingly business-like air. When he had walked a short distance, however, he paused and looked about him.

"Ho! they do n't have any lamp-posts out here, and they can't have any mail boxes on 'em; must be somewhere else."

Having settled that point, he was quite determined to find the somewhere else, and cheerfully trudged on again; but he walked fast and far without discovering any thing that looked like a receptacle for letters. At last, when he began to think of abandoning his search, a boy passed him, and stopping in front of a house, slipped a paper into a box nailed just inside the fence.

"Well! I did n't ever think of looking in such a place," soliloquized the delighted Philly. But of course the place for papers was the place for letters; and he deposited his and turned homeward in great glee, remarking complacently, "Won't Aunt Eunice be s'prised?"

Miss Eunice certainly was, and annoyed also.

"O Philly! you have lost my note!" That was all her first thought; but as Philly proceeded with great eagerness to assure her

that it must have been put in just the right place, because the box was nailed up for something and he saw a boy put a paper there, she grew dismayed. "In somebody's paper-box, where it will surely be found! How very awkward! What will the people of the house think of finding a letter of mine in that way?"

Philly, strictly questioned, described as nearly as possible the house at which he had left it.

"Way down the road; brown house with green shutters, and a big tree in the corner of the yard," recapitulated Martha. "That's the minister's as sure as you're alive!"

"Do you think so? I must take the earliest opportunity of explaining the matter to them. They will surely think it very strange that a private epistle of mine should be thrust upon their notice in that style," replied Miss Eunice earnestly, deeming, in her slightly formal code of etiquette, that an occurrence so unusual might be considered as bordering very closely upon rudeness or, at least, impropriety.

In the brown house down the road the note was the subject of still longer discussion. In the little sitting-room, dim with faded carpet and curtains, but bright with flowers and children's laughter, little Mrs. Corry sat with the letter in her hands, and read it slowly and wonderingly.

"Why, James! this is an invitation from Miss Hastings!"

"Miss Hastings?" questioned the minister, lifting from his paper a face so meditative and uncomprehending that it betrayed at once his habit of abstraction with regard to things around him.

"An invitation to tea," pursued Mrs. Corry.

"To tea?" repeated the minister like an echo; and his wife, quite familiar with this style of proceeding, placed the note in his hand as the only way of arousing him to any understanding of the case.

"But so odd—from her, when we have never known her—and just dropped in the box at the gate!"

"My dear," interposed the minister, rather guiltily, "you were away, you know, and I

think the children went to the pasture for berries; and sometimes, if I am alone, I do not hear when any one knocks"—

Sometimes! He never did when he was deep in his writing, Mrs. Corry well knew; and she caught at the explanation at once.

"It was brought to the door then, probably, and dropped in the box afterward, when, whoever brought it, thought we were not at home. Strange it was not addressed! But then of course they expected to deliver to one or the other of us personally. James, she never used to attend our church."

"She has been away so long, and time and absence work many changes," replied Mr. Corry.

"She says she will explain why she did not call," continued his wife, meditatively, "and that she is anxious to know about our work. O James, I am so glad of that! I have been trying to think and plan for poor Mrs. Sears and her little ones. My heart aches every time I think of them; but I really have done nearly all for them that I can do, and asked help in a number of places, too. If Miss Hastings only could be interested in them! It seems almost like a providence, does n't it?" And the earnest little woman's eyes filled with tears.

One would have thought, glancing at her face, which years of care had touched none too lightly, that her days for dreaming were done; yet she indulged in a little castle-building that evening, when she sat up late, after other duties were done, to baste a fresh ruffle in her simple merino dress and take a stitch here and there in the minister's coat and linen, which, like himself, had grown thin and worn with long service. If Miss Hastings only could be interested in the parish work how much good she might do! How many things, easily spared from the great house, might brighten the humble homes around it! And Mrs. Corry meditated not at all of whether she should wear her hair puffed or braided the next day, but only of these other things, and of how she could make them possess for her listener a tithe of the interest they held for her; breathing a silent thanksgiving, now and

then, that the lady had expressed a desire to hear of the work.

Quite unconscious of either the thoughts or prayers was the object of them; and when the next morning a little boy, whom Martha pronounced "one of the minister's children," came up the walk and shyly placed a note in the servant's hand, Miss Eunice observed:

"Ah! they have discovered and returned my unfortunate letter, then. Very thoughtful of them, really."

But on opening the paper she read in amazement an acceptance of her invitation; and then, for the first time, she remembered that her lost note had been unaddressed.

"Dear me!—how very awkward! What else could they think, to be sure? And yet—what can I do about it?" she cried, quite startled out of her usual graceful serenity by such an unexpected turn of affairs.

"I know what *I* can do," murmured Martha to herself, emphatically nodding her head—"make some of my best cream muffins for tea; for if she has n't invited them, I take it that Providence has, and that's the sort of company that's going to have the nicest supper I can get!"

Philly tried to comfort Aunt Eunice with the assurance that if she only wanted company he guessed the minister's folks would be just as nice as the other people, ten miles away, whom she had meant to send for.

But it was not the company for a single afternoon that troubled Miss Eunice, but the false position in which she found herself—that she, who had no intention of linking herself in any way with the "Non-conformist Chapel," should have made such an advance, and in so informal a manner that the very act seemed to ask for future friendship and intercourse. Yet she could make no explanation—even she who so prided herself on perfect honesty. All her kindness of heart, as well as her fine sense of courtesy, forbade her placing in so unpleasant and humiliating a position those who were really her guests, even though invited by mistake. She was responsible for the blunder, and she must accept its awkwardness as best she could.

"Dear me!" she said, fingering her prayer-book nervously, as she dressed that afternoon. "The Litany has petitions for deliverance from lightning and tempest and famine and battle, but none at all for these miserable little happenings that make one so uncomfortable. I really think there should be, for there may be some profit in great trials, but what wise purpose could there be in such vexations?"

Yet when she met the grave, quiet, rather abstracted pastor and his plain little wife, they did not look formidable enough to represent any great evil, and she entered heartily into making for them a pleasant afternoon; while Mrs. Corry, glancing through the large rooms so much handsomer than any she was accustomed to—than any Hillsdale afforded—grew doubly thankful that this lady wanted to hear of the parish work. Being sure that she had been asked to do so, she was not long in finding a way to introduce what lay so near her heart; and while the minister wandered into the library to examine some of the choice treasures gathered abroad, she told simply and earnestly of the school, the struggling mission society, and of some of the families around them.

She did not know that in her recital she was betraying her own life, its patience, unselfishness, and earnest work for others; its self-denial and sweet, strong faith. She did not mention herself except incidentally, and was quite unconscious of the story that her hostess was reading—a story pathetic in its simplicity, and one that made the listener's heart grow humble and self-accusing. She had walked so easily and carelessly over what had been such a rough way to others, and had given neither helping hand nor word of cheer while these poor toil-worn fingers had

done so much. If her eyes filled with sudden tears it was not altogether because of the description of the Searls family; and her interest in poor drunken Tim's efforts at reformation was awakened chiefly by seeing how much it meant to this tender, helpful soul.

How the little woman's eyes did brighten when Miss Eunice brought down some soft, warm dresses, and discussed their possibilities of making over for the Searls children! And seeing this, Miss Eunice volunteered her assistance in the work, and also to call with her carriage the next day for Mrs. Corry, that they might go together to take the proper measurements.

"For," as she said, when her visitor had departed, "the Christianity that can't help others in a good work because they differ from us in creed, can't be that of our Lord, I'm quite sure."

That was the beginning. It is easy to foresee what would follow; that where Miss Eunice's prompt, efficient hands began to labor, her honest, kindly heart would soon grow warmly engaged; that having fitted numerous little waifs for the Sunday-school, she should visit it herself to see how they progressed, find her assistance needed there, and that she should discover it not all impossible to worship with those with whom she had already united in service. In truth, though remaining attached to her own Church by name and by many old and tender associations, she yet gradually arrived at Philly's conclusion,—satisfied to attend "any of God's Churches;" and from this conviction sprang much mutual good to Hillsdale and herself—the result of what old Martha privately christened "a blessed blunder."

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sunny days at sea, warm with the breezes from the south, passed all too quickly for Hugh, to whom each one came laden with fresh delight. He enjoyed the new sense of vigor and health, and forgetting for the time his infirmity, sometimes walked the deck for hours, throwing one crutch aside and leaning on his father's arm.

He talked with the companions of his voyage and was obligingly ready for a game with even the dullest passenger on board. His spirits seemed to grow buoyant with the blue, bounding waters below, and blue, boundless sky overhead. When he was tired he lay on deck in some sheltered spot, and watched the heavens as they seemed to bend suddenly down toward him or to recede, rising and falling with the motion of the ship. He thought a great many boyish thoughts in these times, going over again and again all his father had told him of the place to which he was going and dreaming about the young cousin he was to see. He wondered if she would mind his being lame, and remembered Florence had wished he "was like other folks." He pictured Rubetta like his sister, for his life had been so secluded that he had few models of girlish beauty in his mind. And then his brain, wearying of trying to picture the new face, would wander away to Aunt Patience as he had often seen her in Spring-time sitting on the wide porch of the old farm-house, the knitting-needles swiftly flying, while her eyes wandered over the tops of the blossoming apple-trees to the trailing purple and gold of the sunset clinging to far away mountains. So vivid were his fancies that he could almost hear the click of the needles, and smell, through the salt sea damp, the fragrance of apple-blooms.

In such sunset hours he had sat by her on the steps and read aloud from that wonderful old picture-book of Bunyan's, about the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the City Celestial.

Then she would ask him to read from an

older picture-book still, the vision of one John of Patmos, of the jasper walls and gates of pearl, in a city that "hath no need of the sun." And so they would go on, the old and the young heart together, equally little children in their faith, reading that "there should be no night there;" that "tears should be wiped away;" that there should be "no sorrow," and "no more pain," until their own faces would glow with the same light that shines in the midst of the new Jerusalem, the inward light caught from the presence of the King. And now these hours came back to him with great comfort and blessing, for, between Aunt Patience and himself, existed that sweetest of all ties; binding together the heart that leads and the heart that has been led to Christ.

How real that tie is and how tender parents sometimes know by the new strength it gives to the cord of natural affection, and by the consciousness that what we share with God is more than ever our own. There are no words for the dearness of a child who has walked, his hand in ours, through the sacred crisis of the soul over the boundary of self-surrender into the land of rest. Alas! that the home of Christianity is often of so pitiful a type that when the conflict between the battling forces of good and evil begins, the children "should feel like telling any body sooner than those at home." If the struggle comes in youth somebody is sure to be trusted, and whether the confidant be parent, pastor, or friend, he it is who holds thereafter the key to the heart and motives of the child. And Aunt Patience held it for Hugh and was, of all the people he loved, the one who knew him best.

The boy's affliction alone would have made him room in her sympathetic heart, but when he first began to come to her for the Summer, and she saw how delicate he was, she felt almost as if her little Robert had come back to live his childhood over again. She soon became familiar with his ambitions, his high

temper and his pride. She knew all his faults and all his trials. She saw all he had to contend with in his home, and recognized the hunger of a warm heart that would never find any thing to satisfy it short of the divine abundance of love. And no one who knew the patient processes by which she had taught him that the divine strength enfolded his weakness would marvel that his memory of the Summer days at Thornton were the dearest of all his dreams at sea. Looking forward, his heart bridged the present and the promised pleasure, and rested on the joy of finding Aunt Patience when he should return. It would be midwinter, and she would be there, in his home, waiting for him. For a moment he would almost have had the ship turn back that he might see her the sooner; a momentary phase of homesickness his mother would hardly have approved had some fairy whispered her the longings of her boy.

But all Hugh's fancies and dreams for himself were lost, as the days wore on, in thoughts of his father, whose restlessness increased with every advancing stage of their journey.

At times, Mr. Thorn aroused himself, and explained to Hugh whatever was new and interesting, as if he remembered he had promised to try and make him happy; and at times he seemed so absorbed in his own reflections as to forget his young companion altogether.

Their journey lay, after they left the steamer, through a land bright with the sights and sweet with the scents of Summer. Their roads ran among fields of rice and cotton or the sugar cane. Sometimes as they drove along there came to them on the breezes the voices of the laborers in the fields, singing in that plaintive minor key, that sounds as if it had been caught from the perpetual murmur of the pines. As they rode through the gloom of the forests under the swaying masses of gray moss clinging to the trees, the unceasing moan and whisper of the pine-trees became a sort of subtle torture to the boy, whose sensitive spirit was a real barometer under the influences of nature. He needed sunshine and

bloom and cheerful sights and sounds; and to this dreary monotone and the shadow on his father's face he was like a Summer blossom under the touch of the frost. Fatigued and depressed, feeling the reaction from the tonic of the sea voyage, and feeling also his father's unspoken trouble, the rebound of spirits took him to the opposite extreme of positive joyousness, when at last the driver told them they were on the plantation of Massa Robert Thorn.

Almost with the word, they paused at a wide gate, through the bars of which a colored boy was peering. Neither gate nor boy wore the traditional plantation look. Neither torn straw hat and cotton shirt marked the one, nor rickety bars and broken hinges the other. The gate was in perfect order and white with fresh paint. Even the stone posts had been whitewashed and served, as pedestals for plaster statues, supporting in their uplifted hands an iron rod, from which a large glass lantern swung high above the gate.

The boy was dressed in what seemed to the travelers a very fantastic livery; and one, not seeing his shining black face, might have fancied him a piper strayed or stolen from the pifferari of the Abruzzi. His black hat had a bunch of artificial flowers fastened by the red cord that bound it. A scarlet scarf was twisted about his waist, and under the wide collar of his jacket was a cravat that might have been a fragment of the Italian flag. As he stood holding the gate open for them to pass, he looked like some bronze statue of Mercury caught and clad by the goddesses, and very uncomfortable in his clothes. Shutting the gate as the carriage passed through, he sped away across the lawn as if his heels were indeed winged; his bronze legs flying like those of a young Egyptian behind a donkey on the yellow sands of the Nile.

They lost sight of him altogether as the carriage entered a winding avenue of sycamores, some of them old and knotted and bent to the earth. The grounds seemed park-like in extent and the gravel walks and grassy turf were kept in perfect order. They caught glimpses, now and then, of water flashing in the sunlight, and white statues

here and there stood out against the dark green of tropical foliage. The road seemed to run parallel with the river, and a sudden turn brought them to a place where the stream widened to a pretty lake.

On a height above its banks stood the house toward which they were so swiftly speeding. Richard's eyes were lifted toward it, as if at window or door he hoped to see his brother's face, but Hugh's rested upon the water, on the surface of which a little boat was drifting, a tiny white boat with an American flag at the bow and the Italian colors at the stern. Between the two he could see a slender figure clothed in white, bending forward and resting on the oars, while she watched the carriage in the windings of the road. She was too far away for him to see her features, but the face looking out from a frame of dark hair against the circular background of a straw hat, made an impression upon his mind as vivid as if that hat had been the nimbus round the head of a pictured saint.

He strained his eyes for another glimpse and had just opened his lips to say, "Look, papa! is it not my cousin?" when his father, whose eyes had descried a figure seated upon the veranda of the house, said,

"Look, Hugh! It is Robert! It is my brother."

And Hugh forgot his vision and every thing else in joy that his father had not come too late, that his uncle was able to be out here in the sunshine to greet them.

The sick man did not rise from his invalid chair, but lifted his arms and clasped his hands, wasted and white as a woman's, around the neck of the strong man who bent above him, and for a moment Richard held him close, as he did when they were wee children, and Aunt Patience tucked them in the same trundle-bed, and bade Dick "snuggle little Robbie to keep him from the cold." When Richard lifted his head and stood, still holding his brother's hands, struggling to control his voice, they made a picture which Hugh's artistic sense was quick to feel. In after years it came before him often,—Richard, with his strong dark face, full of the vigor of manhood, lined with the marks

of his struggle with the world; Robert, with the golden brown hair, tossing back from a countenance full of placid sweetness and peace, and both faces aglow with the truest, tenderest feeling either heart could know.

The silence between them was so long that the boy was beginning to think he ought not to be there, when Robert's eye caught his regarding them with watchful timidity.

"And this is your boy, Dick?" he said suddenly, as if glad of something to break the stillness and draw them away from the thoughts neither could utter. "Indeed, I think I should call him my boy," he added, extending his thin hand and drawing Hugh to his side; "why, he has stolen my very eyes and hair."

"Yes, Robert; and all that is best in you seems to have descended to him, till I have almost fancied I had your childhood over again in his," said his brother.

"And when you see my daughter, you will know that I have not been all these years without a reminder of you," answered Robert; "she is dark as a gipsy of the woods, with not a trace of our fair-haired mother about her."

As he spoke his eyes wandered over the lawn as if searching for some one, and then he turned his head and looked into the windows that opened on to the veranda behind him. His look was answered by a slender woman of perhaps forty years of age who must have been watching him; for she stepped at once from the shadow of the room to his side, only glancing with a respectful courtesy at the strangers as she passed.

"Did you call me?" she asked in the low tone of affectionate solicitude, which a loving nurse might bestow on an invalid child.

"No, Marah, I was only looking for Rubetta; but I shall want you to take care of my brother and his son. Have you seen the child?" he added anxiously. "She is not often so long away."

"She went to the lake," said the woman, "and has not yet returned. I will go and tell her."

"I know where she is," broke in Hugh, before she could turn away. "I saw her in

the little boat. I am sure I can find her, Uncle. Shall I?"

"Yes, if you wish. Go and bring her home. I think I catch a glimpse of her now among the trees yonder."

Taking his crutches the boy moved quickly away, and the woman turned as if to go into the house. At the end of the veranda she paused, following the limping figure with her eyes as it moved down to meet that bit of white drapery glancing now and then through the shrubbery of the path. As she stood there, shading her eyes from the strong western light with one lifted hand, Richard's eyes followed her with a glance of interest and inquiry. He was an acute observer, and had noticed that in addressing his brother she had never once used the word "master," and that her speech had nothing Southern in it save the low musical intonation. Her figure was tall, her carriage and movement graceful as that of any lady; but the soft pallor of her skin had the golden russet tint, and the glossy black of her hair the obstinate ripple and wave, that showed the blood in her veins was that of the race enslaved. The dark eyes were peculiar in expression and as she peered out through the vines that covered the porch, they had in them such a mournful and troubled longing as he had once seen in a picture of the mother of Moses, who had come at Miriam's call and, peering through the rushes, had seen the Egyptian princess toying with the babe she hungered to hold to her heart. As she passed beyond the range of his vision, the boy and girl crossed it, coming together up the path, the girl talking with joyous freedom of gesture, using her little hands as freely as she did her tongue; and the boy listening as if for once he had forgotten his crutch, and were indeed a little knight returned in triumph from some search for "ladye fair."

He looked up to his father with a bright smile that said, "you see I have found her," and the brothers exchanged a glance that had more pain in it than either could have put in words. In Richard's look was the anguish of his boy's infirmity, in Robert's was the anguish of the speedy parting from

his child. As the children came nearer to them, Richard said:

"You were right, Robert. We might fancy some fairy had changed them in their cradles, and that the girl was all my own."

"She will be all yours soon, Dick," said the other softly. "I shall give her to you."

"Not yet, old boy, not yet," said Richard, laying his hand gently on the invalid's shoulder. And just then the daughter caught sight of her father, and she sprang impulsively forward as if she would have left Hugh to follow. But some sudden remembrance that he could not bound after her seemed to stay her foot, and she walked demurely on at his side, calling out joyously instead:

"O papa, could any thing be nicer? Is n't it glorious that they have come? And just as we were becoming so lonely, too. Do you know," and she went on with rapid utterance and sparkling eyes, "I was rowing on the lake, and my arms grew very tired, and I was wishing I had a brother to row me, now that you are not strong any more, papa, so that I could curl down in the boat and read as I used to do for you. And I tried to play that I had a brother, and I thought over all the names I know, and had just decided that if I had one, really my very own, I would call him Hugo. And just then whom should I see coming but this dear Cousin Hugh. And, papa, his name is Hugo, or Hugh, which is the same thing, only not so pretty. I shall call him Hugo, can I not?" And she turned and looked upon his face with such eager eyes that he could only smile in answer. They had come together to her father, from whose face she had never seemed to turn her eyes since she began to speak. Richard stood a little apart and watched her with an amused expression, when her father said:

"And are you so glad to see your cousin that you have no word of welcome for Uncle Dick?" he asked.

She turned, and quick as a child five years old would have done it, walked straight to Richard and offered both her hands, laying them in his without any show of timidity, but when he stooped to kiss her she

lifted her head quickly, and the kiss that would have touched her lips fell instead upon her brow and cheeks.

"Longed for brothers do not usually bring their papas along, but yours has done so, you see," said Richard, playfully.

"But he is so much more like *my* papa that we could claim him for our own," she answered, catching the playful spirit of his words, and replying in the same strain.

"Not more than you are like his papa. By that same token I could claim you for my daughter."

"But papa always wished I had a brother; he has told me so over and over again."

"And I have always wished my boy, Hugh, had a sister; so we are even again."

"But he has one—Florence. I asked him the very first thing."

Mr. Thorn looked at her, and a picture of Florence rose before him with the sudden recollection that ere long the two would be together in one home. How would Florence like it? How would his wife like it? How would this frank, fearless child, this strong, new, vigorous element suit the gentle and pallid languor of the atmosphere of his home? Florence came before him, inanimate, pale, *ennuyée*, in striking contrast to this lithe little creature who seemed all sparkle and glow and color, like the gem whose name she bore. Richard meant to be very observant, for he wanted to know the characteristics of Robert's child; but he came of no stolid race, and to know her and to know things about her were, in his mind, entirely different things. The latter might take weeks of watching of her habits and manners; the former he almost felt had come already, and his heart warmed with a real interest towards the motherless girl.

She could not have been called beautiful, but there was about her an atmosphere of warmth and brightness; the pulsating warmth of exuberant life and not the sickly heat of fever or of languor. She seemed like some tropical flower growing on a plant so vigorous and hardy in fiber that one felt as if even frosts should hardly keep it from blossoming.

Her skin had the clear olive tint common

among Syrian maidens, not ruddy enough for Spain or Naples, but so clear and dark that the red blood shone through it like a fire behind a frosty pane. Her black hair was full of that stubborn wave that defies all bounds of ribbon and pins, and rebels at ringlets. Its color was Italian, its curl as obstinately Yankee as Richard's own. Her eyes, at first glance, seemed of no particular color, but that strange commingling of several hues that made them either one or the other, as her mood changed. Robert had seen them soft and subdued and gray like his own, tender and dark like Marah's, or stormy and black as the eyes of the old soldier, Rubetti.

Outwardly, and in many inward characteristics, she was, up to this time, a very child of the south; what she might become who could tell? Already, another side began to appear in her nature, revealing qualities sensible, sinewy, fibrous, that her father said, "must have skipped his generation, and, passing over his own head, have descended like a stray fragment from the mantle of Aunt Patience upon this lithe little twig of the old Thorn tree.

And these developments could hardly be said to be in combination with the earlier and softer elements in her character. Rather, they swayed her in turn, like a double motive power, one being in action while the other was at rest. Perhaps, as she grew older these contradictory things in her would become adjusted to each other and work harmoniously together. At this time they made conflict full often in herself, and prevented the full delight in either.

Not that she was conscious of this sort of twofold heritage, for she was only a child, but her father was; and over and over again he blessed the Providence that sent an Aunt Patience into the family, the influence of whose energy seemed to be the only thing that saved the Thorns from degenerating into a race of dreamers.

And after the child had gone away, taking Hugh with her into the house to find Marah, the brothers spoke together of some of these things, and Robert said:

"There was nothing in her mother or my-

self to lead us to suppose she would possess either physical or mental vigor. Lucia was always ill, and I have had no health these many years."

"Yet she seems endowed with unusual energy and activity."

"So she is, and I try in every way to keep that side of her nature uppermost, for, strange as it may seem, the opposite qualities are equally marked. When all alive and interested as you see her, you would not believe languor and indolent dreaminess possible; nor would you, when you saw her in her more quiet moods, dream she could ever be roused to effort. The problem of my life has been how to prevent her becoming enervated."

Richard looked puzzled, and Robert, seeing the look, went on:

"For example, you heard her say she wanted some one to row her. She loves every thing in nature and is very susceptible to all the out-of-door sights and sounds, and she loved best to lie in the boat on the cushions, as her mother used, and to let me row her silently about, while she read a book or watched the changes in cloud or sky. And since I can not go with her, she goes all the same, because I wish it; but she tells me she has to force herself to row. It is so much more delightful to her to drift and float and dream."

"Yes, yes; I understand," said Richard, thoughtfully, nodding his head; "yet she seems to me such an electric little thing."

"And so she is," said Robert earnestly, "when properly stimulated and roused. No one can work better when the motive is sufficient to make it seem worth while for her to work at all. My problem seems to be to supply motive."

"Her love for you would suffice, I should think," said Richard, gently.

"You see," Robert went on, unheeding this remark, "or you will see, when we stroll about, that I have altered the old place, making it as much like an Italian villa as I could, for the sake of my little Lucia. And since she died I have never allowed it to run down. I wanted to keep it for her child as the mother knew it. And Ruby

shares all my sentiment and feeling about it, yet always rebelled when my attention to its details took my time, and disliked the practical part of the care exceedingly. But during the last season I have not been able to superintend in any way, and little by little she has made my former duties her own. My gardener tells me she watches every shrub as if it were a living creature, and things were never in better order than now. I never told her to have an eye upon the place, but she seemed to feel it was her special care. And of late she has been assuming matronly airs within doors, feels grown up and housewifely, and Marah says, torments her a good deal by insisting on carrying out her own plans for my comfort. I heard her in the next room, one day, lecturing Dinah, the cook, in a style that brought Aunt Patience very forcibly to mind, in her old remonstrances with Rachel. And I welcome all these phases, Dick, and let her be as much a mother to me as she pleases, when the bad attacks come on. You will see, if I do not check her, we shall find her trying to mother both you and Hugh as well."

Richard laughed, and answered:

"Well, it won't hurt the boy, Robbie; I hope great things for him from the change of climate."

Richard soon had his promised stroll about the place; but Robert did not go with him, for the sick man's strength would only take him to the end of the veranda, and his daily walks ended in the invalid chair on the sunny side of the porch.

Richard found the little stuccoed villa, terraced and balconied and painted a pale-stone color, was only the result of an attempt to carry out Lucia's fancy for a home, after the model of an old place in Perugia where much of her childhood had been passed. The whole structure was only an imitation of an old stone castle that overlooked the Etruscan vales, and in turret and balcony and quaint adornment it was as nearly like the model as it could be made; but in the queerly shaped little rooms, modern luxury took the place of mediæval discomfort. Lucia was very happy there. Whatever was lacking in her vivid fancy supplied. She never

wearied of suggesting changes, nor Robert of making them, until at last a plaster copy of her father's statues adorned a corresponding spot in the stiff, old garden, and figures supported a swinging lamp at the gate, just like the one that lighted the entrance to her early home. It had been one of her fancies to dress the mulatto boys who served her, one like a mountain shepherd, one like a fisher lad, and, once in a while, in the livery of the ancient Rubetti family in the days when they were among the great families of the land. And relics of these fancies remained in the mind of Rubetta, and now and then revealed themselves in the fantastic costume of her servants, which were no longer in one character or the other, but a curious fragmentary mingling of all. Whatever her attendants wore, some bit of bright color was prominent, and turban or sash or cravat was sure to bear the beloved national tints, while her little boat never floated without the Italian flag as a companion to the stripes and stars.

Behind the villa, modern in every thing but style, and any thing but artistic or beautiful in that, stretched the old, low mansion that had stood on the place when Thorn bought it and brought to it his bride. This was a real Southern plantation structure, with the broad hall and wide veranda, and shaded by patriarchal trees. And behind this still were the servants' quarters, now far from crowded, for some of the domestics occupied portions of the old mansion which had served for the family during the erection of the new.

The estate was a very small one. The house and park and a few acres of land purchased from the adjoining plantations required only such servants as could be hired from the slave owners in the immediate vicinity. With the great industries of the South Robert had never identified himself, nor had he cumbered the home with any thing that could not at any hour be left. But, after Lucia's death, he clung to the spot where she had been so happy, and where he had lost her, and continued to pass most of his time there, in his temporary absences taking Marah and the little child. As Ruby grew

older he gave himself more and more to her care, and just at the time when she should have been sent to school his failing health led him to feel he should not have her long and could not spare her now.

He did not on this account neglect her development, but devoted himself to it with all the interest of a master and the affection of a parent. From the time when she began to sit on the floor, and play with her toys while he read or wrote, she liked to be there at his feet, and whatever his occupation might be it was sweetened by the presence of the child.

As she grew up he directed her studies, and when the hours of lessons were over, together they roamed the country over on horseback, or rowed in the little boat. They passed many quiet hours thus on the river and the lake, one rowing while the other read aloud, or quietly anchored while he taught her to sketch the knotted old trees, the rocks or flowers, or bits of landscape that opened to their view.

She grew so fond of this latter employment that the sketch-book became her companion in her rambles, and was sure to be found under the cushions of her boat or fastened to the saddle of her pony. When her father saw how she loved this pursuit, he said playfully one day, bending over a sketch she was retouching:

"If you were a boy, Ruby, I would make an artist of you."

"And what will you make of me, now that I am only a girl, papa?" she said, lifting her head till his brown beard lay like streaks of sunshine on the glossy blackness of her hair.

"Oh, nothing can be made of a girl," he answered, liking to draw her out by a little teasing; "now and then, at rare intervals, a girl is something or makes something of herself."

"But you told me artists were born, not made, papa."

"That is true, the artistic temperament is born."

"Does that give one the power to know what is beautiful?" she asked.

"It does not give discrimination. It gives

one the power to detect beauty through the one medium of feeling. It renders the spirit susceptible to beauty of sight and harmony of sound, and often exists without the power to define or express it."

"Do you mean that beautiful sights and sounds make us feel without our being able tell what we feel or why?"

"Just that, Ruby. Many women possess this temperament, and it answers instinctively to whatever loveliness is presented to it."

"And what you call the 'born artist' has this always, papa?"

"I think always, but many people who are not artists have it also. The real artist has not this only, but the power of embodying what he feels so that others may feel it too."

"Then why must they work and study? Why do you say, if I were a boy you would send me away to study, that you would *make* me an artist?"

"Because, my child, native genius and power must work through a medium, and the results of the study are what the electrical machine is to the subtle power it directs."

"But that which is in one must get out in some way, papa."

"Ah yes; but genius is rarely of so high an order that it can create its media. That which moves a great artist's soul will move no other soul unless he can reveal its beauty in such a manner that others can comprehend it. And the benefits of methods and systems and training lie in the fact that thereby one learns to control the varied machinery through which he will impart himself to others."

"But why need he impart? If he is happy in his own self, why need he try to convey to others what he feels?"

"Because if the love for art is real it brings with it a longing to reveal itself. And truth and beauty are for the enjoyment and elevation of all, only all eyes are not opened to see them."

"But he whose eyes are opened can not open others' eyes, papa."

"Not always or wholly, pet; but he who

keeps for himself what God has given him is like a man in the dark passages of a mine, who, having the burning taper, lights his own steps up to the sunshine regardless of those who behind him are groping and struggling in darkness. What would you think of such a soul, child? that it was fit to live in the light?"

"I should think the least such a one could do would be to carry his taper so those behind could see, and to hold it after he was out to show them the way."

"Yes, you have my thought, Ruby; and whether the genius is bright enough to light its own lamp or is forced to use all the experience of others to make the fire burn, the obligation is the same. It ought to shine itself if it can, by the help of study if it must."

"Well then, papa," asked Ruby, who was familiar with her father's way of teaching, and seldom failed to get his meaning, "if all this is true, why should not girls be placed in the way of securing all the helps?"

"So they might, and they are, oftentimes; but, as a rule, girls lack either the physical strength or the application for the hard and dry detail of the necessary work. So rare, indeed, is it, that they prove equal to the conditions for the proper development of talent, that unusual labor has come to be almost synonymous with unusual gifts."

After some little talk like this, Ruby would drop into silence, and only the deepening color in her cheeks and the rapid movement of her pencil would betray that she was thinking. Robert, at such times, would go back to his book, being possessed of the unfeminine quality that discerned when he had said enough. It is a rare gift, that of knowing when to labor for others' good, but rarer far is that which knows when to let others alone. And judicious letting alone was a large element in the constituents of Robert's training of his child. He knew her better than she knew herself. She had the artistic temperament of which he had spoken. She grew excited when the skies blackened, and wanted to witness every storm, no matter how the winds howled, or the great trees bent and crashed in the gale.

A tempest seemed to fascinate her, and hardly was one gleam of lightning lost in the darkness, than she watched eagerly for the next. She had been hot-tempered and rebellious in her childhood, and when Marah had exhausted all her power of soothing, she would tie the angry child's straw hat upon her head, and send her out into the garden and fields, bidding her not to "come in until she could be good." And this served better than any discipline; for the loving mother, Nature, seemed to soothe or to chide as soon as the child was laid upon her bosom, and she invariably came back at her sweetest and best, full of love for her father and for Marah, whose special care she was.

She was without childish companions, and she played with the flowers as if they were living children. The wind was one of her friends. If it howled, she seemed to think it had arisen to delight her in its strength; if it was soft, she heard its lullaby; if it moaned or sighed, she felt it as if it were a human voice. The ripple of running water, the timid chirp of birds, the hum of insects, became familiar to her ear. She knew them all, and felt and loved them all, and gave herself unresistingly to their ministry.

But of all things in nature nothing soothed or stimulated her like color. She watched the hues of earth and sky and the varying tints of the sunset with quickening pulsations, and a cheek that paled or glowed with the deepening or fading glories of the western sky. She was never lonely when out of doors, and never unhappy. It seemed enough to breathe the air and see the light and hear the sounds. In short, Robert feared she would be another dreamer, and knew this temperament was her inheritance from himself. As time and strength waned he felt how much nobler the career of those who work, and resolved to spare no pains to make her life what he wished his own had been, and what hers could be made if only the practical and earnest qualities of her mind could be developed.

To this end he was now bending all his instruction. For this purpose he allowed her to feel she must relieve him of care of

the place, and that she was his favorite nurse. He tormented her in many ways with his late-formed theories, but saw good results in that she accepted cheerfully any exertion she thought he desired her to make. Their love for each other was unusual. His tenderness could only be measured by his anxiety, and his anticipation of reunion with the woman shrined in his heart of hearts was only saddened by the prospect of leaving his daughter behind.

Many anxious hours he passed with his brother talking of Ruby's future, and trying to make Richard understand the past. They passed their days on the veranda, talking, talking, as long as the invalid could endure it, and yet there seemed no end to what they had to say. They went back over the years so full to both, and again and again Robert told his brother of his happy marriage and undying love for the woman of his choice.

"Life has been all failure and uselessness for me, Dick," said Robert one day, near the end of a long afternoon, "and all life and bustle and success for you."

"Not at all, Robert, not at all; I doubt not the end will prove yours to have been the successful career."

"You see, I always *meant* to do something," Robert went on, as if his brother had not interrupted. "I was always making preparation for life; and I found such pleasure in absorbing and accumulating that I did not recognize the self-indulgence in it."

"You call it by too harsh a name, Bob; you were only enriching yourself, that you might give out of greater fullness by and by. Had your health been spared you would have done some good work for the world, I am sure."

"No, no, brother," answered Robert sadly; "I should always have dreamed about it, but should never have been quite ready to begin. Take out of my life the years Lucia was in it, and I can not feel it has been of special use to any one."

"But is it not enough, Robert, for any one life to have been loved and to have made one you loved supremely happy? That consciousness alone would have strengthened

you for highest endeavor in every direction, if only she had been spared. And the *memory* of that love alone is more to you than all my achievements, as you call them, can ever be to me. I have heaped up riches and tried to make for myself a place among men; but, if I lay where you are now, Robert, I could not feel I had made any life happy; no, not even that of my precious boy."

Richard spoke with great bitterness, and Robert from this time never asked him about his home life, though he often wished he could know for himself the woman who was so soon to stand in the place of a mother to his orphaned child.

"I am especially anxious," he said to Richard one day when they had been talking of the course to be pursued in her education, "that all the strength in her should be brought out, not only that she may be of use in the world, but to save the suffering such a nature must know."

"Why *must*?" asked Richard, puzzled.

"Why, if she is taken purposeless and idle into a new home she will be so susceptible to the influence of every one near her that she will be wretched if they do not love her, and possibly repelled if they do. So I want her to have occupation. Give her masters; keep her at work; do not give her time to live morbidly. If left to herself she would fall very quickly into that unhealthful sort of girlhood."

"In other words you would like her to obey that old Oriental maxim—'Thou shalt not eat thine own heart.'"

"Just that. I do not want her to live upon herself," said her father. "If Aunt Patience were twenty years younger I would ask her to take and rear her as she did us."

"Not at the Farms?"

"Not altogether at the Farms; but a portion of the year in the city, and by and by she would travel with her, and the stamp of her character would be upon her."

"It is already upon Hugh," said Richard thoughtfully. "Yes," he added, remembering Clara and Florence, "you could not do better than to leave your child to Aunt Patience."

"Oh, no, Dick, I gave her to you; but I

want you to let her life know something of the influence that I can truly say is the best mine ever knew, until I fell into the hands of my Santa Lucia."

Richard made no answer. He never disturbed the fancy that wove a saintly halo around the brow of Lucia; though he suspected she had been only a woman like the rest, a little sweeter may be, because a little better loved.

It was great joy to him to find his brother passing days in comparative comfort, and though he knew there was no cure for the malady that was sapping his life, yet the separation did not seem to him to be very near at hand. How precious every day of the waning of this beautiful life was to him no one knew; but as the days stretched on into weeks his anxiety concerning his business and the necessity that he should go back grew almost beyond his power of concealment.

Yet when he looked at his brother's face and saw it taking on that strange transparent beauty that sometimes transfigures the body with the shining of the departing soul, when the thin hands grasped his and the eyes were lifted so lovingly to his own, he had not the heart to say he could not stay. And Robert seemed to take for granted his brother was never to leave him again, and gave himself up to the delight of his presence. So Richard lingered on, comforted somewhat by the fact that Hugh had never seemed so well and so happy anywhere before.

The only change that came to him from the days of placid intercourse with Robert on the veranda was a daily ride on horseback while the precious invalid slept.

The first stage of his exercise was to the nearest town, at which was delivered a daily mail. Here he arrived always earlier than did that boy of many buttons and Italian necktie, whose province it was to transport the mail to the Thorn plantation. Richard received his own parcel, and usually retired with it to the parlor of the village hotel, where the loungers on the veranda peeped in curiously as he sat and wrote and thought, until the daily business was disposed of, as well as could be done at that distance. For

the time he was the keen, thorough business man, and no one watching him then or seeing him an hour after, riding away at break-neck pace, with bent head and clouded, intense expression, would have recognized the patient man who sat all the rest of the day by an invalid's chair, watching, as a woman might, to answer the slightest wish. No one knew what miles of flying over the country he had, striving to ride down care, which kept pace with him, rode he never so fast. He tried to throw down, under the steady tramp of his horse's hoofs, his troubled thoughts one after another as they rose; but they seemed only to start up resentfully from the very dust, and pursue him as he went.

Yet, when he came in under the swinging lamp at the gate, and saw his boy leaning on his crutch waiting to greet him with such trustful smile, the fever in his veins seemed to cool under the glance, and he only wished he could stay on and on forever, forgetting this wretched struggling world outside.

All day long, while the brothers talked, Hugh was with Rubetta. Together they explored the new house and the old house and the grounds. They sketched and read and talked and rowed on the river, and after a few attempts he was able to ride slowly on her own pony, which ambled along as if in gentle wonder at bearing any burden save his young mistress, and laying back his ears resentfully at seeing her mounted on any other horse.

When Hugh saw Ruby capering briskly about on an animal which he could not have ridden, the old spirit of angry rebellion, at his fate came back and sent the color up to his temples, and he felt humiliated that he could not do the strong and spirited and manly things in her eyes.

And this spirit got the better of him altogether one day, when Buttons led the horses round, and he saw her prancing and arching its neck, while the little pony stood meekly by without so much as a whisk of his tail, only laying his ears back as Hugh handed his crutches to the boy.

"I don't think I care to ride to-day, Cousin Ruby," said he, suddenly, with a clouded face.

"And why not, Cousin Hugo?" asked Ruby, anxiously. "Did I ride too fast for you? Did I make you tired?"

"No, indeed; but I do not care to ride," he answered, half resentful of her allusion to his weakness. "Here, Sam, take the pony," he said to the boy, at the same time lifting his crutch again, and, with the other hand gathering up the reins and handing them up to Rubetta.

He was trying to control his face, but she knew something was wrong, and putting her hand on his she bent down until she could look into his eyes.

"I see, Hugo, I am a selfish girl; I go riding about, forgetting it may harm you, and you are too gallant to leave me, and so I have just tired you to death." And without waiting for an answer she sprang to the ground.

"Take them away, Sam!" she said, beckoning to the negro boy. "I shall not ride any more at present, and I am ashamed of myself," turning to Hugh, "that I have not taken better care of you. Aunt Patience would never forgive me," she added, trying to be playful, though she was sorely puzzled at Hugh's silence, for up to this time he had given no evidence of subjection to an invalid's whims and moods.

Had Hugh been a girl, we should say he was afraid to speak for fear he should cry; but at the name of Aunt Patience, he colored to his temples, and he began to be as ashamed of himself as he felt she would be of him if she saw the spirit within him.

Ruby felt he did not want her, and was turning away to go into the house, when, suddenly, he said, with an earnestness that revealed the effort it cost:

"Cousin Ruby, if you will let the horses be brought round again, I do, indeed, want the ride very much."

"Why certainly," she said, delighted, but laughing at his serious face. "What in the world has changed your mind? Papa says he expects a girl to do that without a reason, but I do n't know what to make of it in you."

"Well, I will tell you as we ride along, if you really care to know; but I'd rather not,

for I know you will not like me after you have heard it."

"Oh, is it a naughtiness?" she asked laughing. "I have been wishing you only would do something a little careless or wrong, so I might not feel so lonely in my own badness."

"Well, I have n't seen your badness, as you call it, yet; but if you have any to mourn, you need not be lonely with it any longer."

Then he was grave and silent as they rode slowly down the avenue until she was tired of waiting, and called out, "Come, bad boy, begin; I will be your mother confessor. What made you suddenly take a freak that you would not ride?"

"Well, you see, Cousin Ruby—now don't you laugh, for if you do I'll pop out of the confessional and go away unshriven—you see, I hate to be lame!"

He uttered the last five words with an energy so unlike the former bantering tone that she started, and opened her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes, I hate it," he repeated with even more vehemence, giving the astonished pony such a cut with his whip as changed his mild amble into an indignant trot. "I want to be strong, like other fellows; strong and straight and tall, like those young trees yonder. I want to row and to work and to walk and to ride; not some little pony that a baby could guide, but a great strong horse, like that you are on."

Ruby's eyes dilated with interest, and her lips parted, but she did not speak. Hugh's cheeks brightened as he went on.

"Not that I do n't like seeing you on that beautiful creature," he said, glancing admiringly at the proud horse; "but I want to be able to swing you into the saddle myself, as I saw my father do. Then I want to mount another, and to ride fast and hard, as papa rides. He little knows how I feel when I see him come in with his horse foaming—so helpless, so humiliated and good-for-nothing!"

Her eyes filled with tears, but she only said in a half-whisper, "Poor Hugo!"

"And that is just what I can not bear to hear," he answered excitedly. "I want to be respected and loved! Other boys may

win honor, and am I all my life long only to be *pitiéd*?"

She looked half-afraid to venture another reply, and her silence recalled him from the impatience that seemed to have returned with the attempt to defy his trouble. But face and voice both softened before he spoke again.

"Now, Ruby, I know all you or papa,—no, not papa, for I would not like him to see I felt like this; but I know all you or Aunt Patience would say to me. I know it was a fit of selfish ill-temper that would not let me ride. I was angry, because I felt I could not be master of a strong swift horse, and I forgot the other mastery, that is, after all, so much greater and higher."

He spoke so reverently now and gently, with his eyes upon the far away hills, and he paused so long, that the girl did not know whether he had finished or not. At any rate, he looked less unhappy, and she was quite willing to let the matter drop, when he added softly, as if to himself, "'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help;' and," he added, looking at her, "'I don't suppose David needed the kind of help I find in lifting my eyes to the hills, but Aunt Patience used to say we could take from the Bible the kind we needed most."

"And do you find strength in a sight of the hills, Hugo?"

"Yes, or I fancy it. They always bring the days at Thornton before me; but the real strength is in the next verse, Ruby."

She looked as if she did not remember, and he added, "'My help cometh from the Lord,' you know."

"No, I do n't know it at all," said Ruby bravely, though her heart was beating fast, for no one ever talked much about the Bible to her.

"I know well enough what it is to have the out-door things greet one, for I have always been turned out with the sheep into the fields to have the badness taken out of me; but I do n't know why it is, nor how. The sky and the wind and the water help me most. I do n't care so much for the hills."

"And I feel them most of all," said Hugh, "even more than the sea, though that talked to me continually."

"Well, I suppose every body feels these things more or less, but I don't understand it. I should like to know what it can be in the outline against the horizon that calms all your trouble and makes you look as if you were quite willing to be lame."

"I do n't know, unless it is that I feel God in it. He made the out-of-door things, he takes care of them, and they all are, and do, just what he pleases. 'Even the winds and the sea obey him,' and when I think of that I want to be obedient too."

"Well, then, you love him! I feel that way to papa; but I do n't think one of those thoughts about God. I only go in, loving every body, no matter how cross I was when I came out. It does not seem to me God has anything to do with it. I should feel the beauty all the same if I were a little pagan girl to whom you wanted to send a missionary."

Hugh laughed, and she went on.

"Now, to-day, I do n't believe your help came from the Lord, or the hills, either. It came from your acting on a sensible resolution to sacrifice yourself rather than take away my ride."

"Not a bit," said Hugh, shaking his head.

"What then?"

"Well, little mother confessor, it came from another thought out of the same book, the Bible. You spoke of Aunt Patience; I could almost hear her saying, 'He that ruleth his own spirit is better.' And I was ashamed not to rule mine, so I made myself do what it rebelled against doing."

"That's just what I told you. You made yourself do it."

"Yes, but I would not have made myself do it without the thought of God and the help of God which came."

He paused a moment as if he were showing too much of his own heart, but she asked,

"Came when, Hugo?"

"When I asked for it."

"But did you ask?" she questioned, bending forward in the saddle till she could see

his face; "did you really think God would hear and give you what you asked?"

He blushed, but he answered, "Yes;" then lifting his eyes, "do n't you believe it, Cousin Ruby?"

"No, indeed! I never dreamed of such a thing!"

There was silence, broken only by the twitter of birds and the sound of their horses' feet.

Then she suddenly asked again, "Were you really angry, Hugo, really in a temper, when you sent the pony back?"

"Yes, Ruby, really angry and discontented and rebellious."

"And you think God took it all away?"

"Yes, I think—I know it, Ruby."

"Then, Cousin Hugo, I want you to ask him to take away papa's illness. Do you know," lowering her voice, "I would n't have him see I fear it, but I am sometimes afraid my papa is going to die."

Hugh was shocked and distressed beyond measure, for it had never occurred to him that the child did not realize her father's condition, did not know why they had been summoned from the North.

But, however strange it may seem except as her own heart had foretold it, she was ignorant of the separation that was before her. Her father had been ailing so long, sometimes better and sometimes worse, that she did not mark the changes in him as another might have done. She was so used to living with him, her mind had never conceived a life without his love and care.

Robert meant to tell her himself, some day, when he should feel strong enough to comfort her, and had forbidden Marah to give her any hint that should lead her young mind into the valley of the shadow until it must go down with him.

Up to the time of his brother's arrival he had kept her constantly near him, allowing her to minister to his wants, and when he saw her diverted by Hugh's presence, and how happy the two were in each other's companionship, he resolved to put off to the latest possible day the word that must put an end to her delight.

And Richard felt that home for Hugh

would be another place with Rubetta there, and Robert, knowing how Hugh had always been cared for by others, recognized with joy the growth in him of the instinct of manhood, that delights in having some one to care for and cherish and protect.

Feeling that if this could be kept strong in him the child would have at least one warm friend in his brother's household, he lost no opportunity to impress Hugh with the fact that he intrusted his daughter largely to him. And one day, when Hugh had been reading to him, while Richard took his ride and Ruby had been listening from her old seat, a low stool at her father's knee, he sent her away with some message to Marah, and, turning to the boy, he said, following her figure with his eyes:

"Hugo, I think you will soon have her all to yourselves in your own home."

Hugh looked up quickly, but did not speak. Robert's face was troubled, and a bright red spot burned on either cheek; but he went on hurriedly, as if he feared he might not have time for all he wished to say.

"You are very near to me, my boy," he said, tenderly laying his thin hand on Hugh's hair, "and I wish you were indeed my own son and Ruby's brother. Your father will take charge of her, but she will be in the house, and much of the time he will not be there. Promise me, Hugh, that you will be a real brother to her; that you will consider her happiness as something I leave in your hands; and more than that, Hugh," as he saw the boy was about to interrupt him, "I want you to help her to be every thing that's good."

"I do n't know about helping her to be good, Uncle, I am sure she can help me; but I promise you I will surely try to make her happy."

"And you will be glad to have her with you?"

"Yes, indeed," said the boy; "but, but," glancing up at his uncle's face, "not yet, dear Uncle Robert, not for a long time yet."

Robert's hand only touched Hugh's head a little more heavily at this, and he watched his face as if undecided how far he should open his heart to the boy, who was in many

ways so manly and in many ways so like a little child. At last he said in an altered tone, as if he were talking to the man and not the child:

"Hugo, I have only seen your mother twice, for I have made but two visits North since she married. The last time was just before I went to Italy, and when you were only a baby, Hugh, and your mother was a very beautiful woman then. If I could see her once more, I should tell her about Ruby; but she is not here, and your father does not like to have me talk of dying, so I am speaking to you in their stead. Do you understand me, Hugh?"

"Yes, Uncle," said the boy, without raising his eyes. Somehow he could not bear the words and the look both at once.

"Your father is no longer young, Hugo. He may die, he may lose his fortune; he is sure to know years of increasing labor and care. But you are young and growing stronger every year, and you can guard her, perhaps, when he would not be able. If there are hard things in the home, you can stand between her and them. If, as she grows older, there are hard things in the world, you can stand between her and them. Your mother may not like so great a care as her life will be; your sister may not love her; but if *you* are glad to have her, I shall not be afraid." He paused, and then said solemnly, "Promise me again, Hugh—remember she has no mother—you will take care of her yourself."

And then, as if he had said it once for all, he leaned back exhausted, but smiling a smile of content. Hugh had not promised a second time in words, but he reached up his hand toward his uncle, who grasped and held it as if the clasp sealed a contract with a comrade rather than laid a burden upon a child.

One day Sam, the boy of many buttons, brought Robert, with the other mail, a letter from Aunt Patience. It was postmarked Thornton, and had been written soon after Richard left, and before she had heard of his departure, or of the change in Robert's condition. She wrote in her usual vein of motherly tenderness, filling her sheet with

loving reminiscences, and ending with her usual homily against the sin of slavery.

"That you, the 'son of my heart,'" she said, "should have dwelt in the midst of this iniquity, never having once bought or sold a human being, is cause of rejoicing to my declining years. Not only do I devoutly thank my Heavenly Father, but I fear I boast sometimes a little proudly when I talk with the cowardly apologists, of whom, alas, even here at the North we have no lack. They dare to tell me that 'if the system is a monstrous sin, it is one that in our present political condition must be let alone.' They say 'no Northern man goes South and escapes its stain, because no person of anti-slavery principles could ever maintain comfortable social relations with the people about him.' Then I remember the promise you made to me in your youth, and hold you up as a testimony against the truth of these things. God knows I would have had you 'cry aloud and spare not,' but your example must have been a service he will honor. That he spare you long to let your light shine in this worse than heathen darkness is the prayer of

PATIENCE THORN."

At some periods of his life Robert would have smiled at the zeal that so outran knowledge in the dear old lady's mind; nor would he have thought it worth while to disturb her belief in his fidelity to the promise made her, so long as he knew it had not been broken in spirit.

But these were idle days, and the answering of the letter diverted his mind during some idle hours. It was pleasant to talk to her on paper; he could not ask her to take the journey, yet he wished he could see her once more, and almost before he realized it he had entered half-seriously and half-playfully upon the theme so near to her heart. A vague consciousness that he might be writing her his last letter, and a shrinking from being held up for an example of what he was not, may have mingled also with his thoughts, for he wrote:

"They are nearer right, dear Auntie, than you think, who say that avowed antislavery sentiments are a serious drawback to social enjoyment in the South, and you forget that

I have been regarded here more as a foreign than as an American citizen. Our mode of life has been Italian, nor have we been identified either with the peculiar industries or institutions of the South.

"Besides, dear Auntie, while I agree with your general principles concerning this subject, my hands are not so white in innocence of this unholy traffic, that I can be a boast upon your blessed lips. Do you not know that once in my life; nay, now I remember it, twice, I have given my gold for a fellow creature?

"I would like to sit in my old place by your arm-chair at the Thornton fireside and tell you the story, and to feel your hand touch my hair as it used when I made confession of robbing a bird's nest. My conscience has toughened since then, dear woman, for I am not afraid of the rebuke, creeping up under the smile in your eyes; but I am bitterly afraid of the sting of your hoar-frost, and the thought of the icicles clinging to the eaves makes me shiver. So, near as your fireside seems to me, I am not strong enough to reach it, and must needs tell the story on paper for you. Nay, better still, I will leave it a riddle to provoke your womanly curiosity until you shall fold up your knitting work and come down from your icy mountain land to me. When I once have you here on my veranda, under 'my own vine and fig-tree,' I promise to tell you such a tale of the price paid for a maiden's freedom as shall make you glad the old Thorn-tree yielded me golden fruit.

"As I look down in the garden from the porch where I am writing, and see my daughter tying up the rose-trees, by the help of her Cousin Hugh, who is, I believe, in this generation the 'darling son of your heart,' I can not be thankful enough that once I bought a slave, for to that fact, more than any other, I owe it that the child is here to bless my dying days.

"And the price I paid for her blessed mother would make a dowry for the girl; yet it was only a little gold, and life itself would have been too poor to give for one beloved as I loved her."

So far he had rambled on, when Richard

found him writing with his eyes burning and the hectic spot fairly ablaze in his cheeks, and seeing how he was exciting himself he fancied he was striving to transact business.

"Do let me attend to it, for you, brother," he said, gently withdrawing the portfolio from Robert's lap; "I am sure you can dictate to me."

"No, no; it is nothing of any importance," answered Robert, retaining his own and at the same time passing Aunt Patty's letter over to his brother.

"You see, she does not forget to exhort me in her old fashion, Dick, against the crying sin of the South, and I have been teasing her," he added, laughing, "with a little confession of the 'things done,' which, according to her standard, I 'ought not to have done,' in the way of human traffic."

"But is it quite fair, dear boy? You know, she will take you in dead earnest, and probably start by the next train to see if any thing can yet be done toward the saving of your soul."

"Will she? I shall be so glad, for really I long to see her blessed face again."

"Then why not write her that?" asked Richard. "She would certainly come if it were possible to get here."

"I fear the journey for her, Dick. I have thought for a long time that I ought, if possible to go to her, but it seems asking a great deal to beg her to come to me. I do n't know, either, how she would bear being face to face with the 'crying sin.' It would be refreshing, indeed, to hear her 'giving a piece of her mind,' as Rachel would call it, to some of my friends from the neighboring plantations."

"Well, Robbie, suppose I write her seriously to come if she is able," said Richard, who wondered the thought had never occurred to him before. Why, indeed, should she not come? and if she could, why should he not go home? Even if he went only for a short time, he could return, and meantime, Robert would have had time to talk to Aunt Patience about his child. Then there was the crippled boy and the dying man, but with whom could these be better than with Patience Thorn?

All this passed swiftly through his mind, ere he repeated:

"I will write her, Robbie. You shall see her again if it is possible; but I do n't believe I would worry her with any jests about imaginary slaves or imaginary sins, would you?"

"Do you think it a jest?" said Robert, coloring. "I assure you it was real enough to me, brother. I have only written the truth to Aunt Patience. Read the letter and finish it yourself, saying every thing you can to bring her, except to tell her I shall not be here long. That would, indeed, be a 'worry' I could not bear to send."

But Richard was reading eagerly what Robert had written, while the latter lay back in his chair with closed eyes, as if resting. Once he opened them for a moment, and caught Richard watching him with an intense and anxious expression of inquiry on his face. Robert glanced at the open letter in Richard's hand and smiled, with the old merry smile which he had not seen for years.

"So you think it's too hard a riddle to send her, Dick? I will give you the key on the first day when the cough will let me tell a long story, and you can write it to her if she does not come. Let it all go now! I am so tired," he added, as Richard was about to reply, and he looked suddenly so white and exhausted that Richard laid the letter down and called to Marah to bring a glass of wine.

He had learned that one of the woman's habits was to sit with her work just inside the window opening by Robert's accustomed place on the veranda. Here she was within call and within sight of him, though from his position he could not see her, and he often forgot that she was there.

She came so quickly now, that Richard knew she must have been very close at hand, and, if so, then she had heard all Robert's talk.

He did not understand the talk himself, nor had he settled in his mind what was truth or what was jest. He even fancied some of it might be the delirious fancy of the fever that made the sick man's eyes burn and his cheeks to glow with color. Whatever the words might mean he could not help wishing Marah had not heard them,

though, he could hardly have given himself a reason for the wish.

Nothing could be more skillful and tender than the ministry by which she restored and soothed the half-fainting man. Nothing could exceed the faithfulness with which her daily duties were performed. The comfort of the household depended upon her, and she seemed to perform every office with a degree of perfectness rarely attained.

Yet she was a constant puzzle to Richard, who could not dismiss her from his notice as he could any other servant. He observed one marked peculiarity of manner that no one else seemed to heed—she never seemed to take her eyes from Ruby when the child was in her sight. She watched her as if she feared she might loose her if for a moment her attention was withdrawn. No matter what her occupation might be, she glanced again and again at the face of the child. If she saw her coming in the distance, or if Ruby left her for a walk, she watched till her form could no longer be seen, and always with that look of strange, wistful longing which Richard had observed on the first day of his arrival. He reasoned with himself on the absurdity of thinking about her at all, for what could be more natural than that she should be unwilling the child she had nursed from babyhood should be out of her sight. Still, every time he saw her eyes, the questioning came back, and, on this day, he resolved to use the first opportunity to ask his brother where he had found her, and what relation he wished her to sustain to Ruby after he was gone. Somehow he hoped he would not wish him to take her to his home.

But all such reflections ceased to trouble him when he remembered that Aunt Patience would arrange all these things. And he had that faith in her that almost every man has in some woman, that, whatever she might do, her judgment and action would be right. This being the case, the sooner she arrived the better, and he resolved to take the letter his brother had written, add a postscript of his own, and dispatch the summons at once. He turned to the table where he thought he laid the

epistle, but no letter was in sight. The portfolio on which his brother had been writing was gone also. Marah had probably removed both together, and as Robert seemed quietly sleeping, he would not disturb him by calling her. So he took his hat and strolled about the grounds, soon losing in his own troubled thoughts all remembrance of the letter, its contents, or his own suspicions.

He had been out some time, and was walking with bowed head in a narrow path bordered with smoothly-cut shrubbery, when he was roused from his reverie by a shadow that flitted across his track, as a figure darted down a path running at right angles with his own. One glance sufficed to show him it was Marah; but she had passed without seeing him, and seemed in great haste to reach the little boat-house on the banks of the lake, at the door of which the foot-path came to an end.

Richard's first impulse was to follow her, but the recollection that he had no reason in the world for doing this held him back. What was there to be remarked in the fact that his brother's servant wandered in the garden? True, he had left her, as he supposed, within his brother's call. Doubtless Robert had awakened, and sent her in pursuit of Ruby. Ashamed of himself for suspecting her of he knew not what, and feeling as if his own brain were becoming sick with fancies, he turned about, and walked resolutely back to the house. He found Ruby with her father, and Hugh in his favorite place sitting on the veranda-steps, within talking distance of both.

"Where is Marah?" he asked of Ruby, after a little talk of other things.

"I sent her down to have a view of the sunset on the lake from the knoll by the boat-house. There is a lookout at the foot of the laurel-path, and the view was very lovely as we came up from rowing. I found her looking so white and worn, and watching papa in his sleep, that I reproached myself for not having relieved her before."

Richard said no more; but he was conscious of a sore kind of discontent with himself or with his knowledge of womankind

that made it so much easier for him to doubt than it was to trust.

"Did you want Marah, Uncle Richard?" asked Ruby, who noticed his troubled look.

"No—yes, that is, I wanted to ask her to bring me a letter papa had been writing to Aunt Patience, for I wanted to seal it and send it away."

"Oh, it is in my portfolio, brother," said Robert, quickly. "Marah took them away together when I felt so ill. Ruby will find it for you."

And Ruby left her father, whose hair she was stroking with her hands, happy in the fancy that she was nursing him, and bounded in at the window, reappearing at once with the article in her hand.

In the fading light Richard turned the papers over and over again, looking for the letter, but it certainly was not there.

Not caring to arouse any anxiety in his brother's mind, and seeing the others engaged in conversation, he took the portfolio back into the parlor himself. The evening was drawing on, the veranda was broad, and with the heavy curtains threw the room in shadow, though there was still a pleasant fireside glow outside. He replaced the portfolio on the table, and, throwing himself wearily into a large arm-chair, waited for

the lamp to be lighted, meantime turning over and over in his mind the contents of the missing letter. As he sat thus perfectly motionless, his head upon his hand, his figure quite in the gloom of the corner where he sat, Marah did not see him as she glided softly in at the open door.

She walked straight to the portfolio, took it eagerly, and carried it to the nearest window, brushing the arm of his chair as she passed. Hastily, as if in eager search for something, she turned the leaves which answered her trembling touch with a little nervous flutter hardly louder than her breath. Apparently disappointed, she laid the book down, and, with a deep sigh, passed through the window. A moment later her low voice came in to his ear from the piazza, asking Robert if he "were not lingering too late in the cool air of the evening."

Sam brought in the lights, and Richard lost no time in taking another look, confidently expecting to find the letter had been restored to its place, and believing Marah had proved herself a true daughter of Eve by reading that about which she had heard them talk. But as he looked on through paper after paper, his own fingers began to tremble nervously, for, search as he might, the letter was not there!

WINTER COLORS.

A WALK in the woods or by the river reminds one that Winter is more of a painter than he has the reputation to be. If he excels as draughtsman and engraver, yet he knows how to handle the brush, too, and mixes much yellow and red with the somber body colors on his palette. Nature very rarely works in plain black and white. These raw, harsh days which presage storm, when the sky is dull gray, and the atmosphere irritates, come the nearest to it. These are the days when the blood is chillier than on other days with a lower thermometer. There is no *chiaro-oscuro*; all outlines are harsh and angular. Under dark skies when the snow is melting and the earth shows in

patches, the untoned black and white predominates, and is the unloveliest of the Winter shows.

When the sky is fairer, the shadows of objects are of a bluish tint. The shadows of snow are always blue. Moonlight deepens the blue into black, but irradiates every thing with flashing silver. If it is "an unwarmed light that only makes the coldness visible," yet it makes one of the most enchanting scenes upon earth. Very strikingly Tennyson's "Eve of St. Agnes" conveys the feeling of the Winter moonlight. The silver sheen, the light and shade, the purity and the mystery of the time, are given with the few effective touches of a

master. The snow landscape, in any case, is more beautiful than the bare, uncovered one, and the Northerner feels half-defrauded if the Christmas greeps in his window are not made greener by the whiteness without.

To the dweller in the city the weather is simply cold or warm, wet or dry, without those endless changes that make no two days in the country alike; but if there is no snow the countryman can rejoice in the wide fields of rye, that seem so much greener than at any other time. If the weather has been pleasant they are as fresh as the Spring-time, and their bright emerald is a perpetual reminder of better days coming. On December mornings, after a rain, a field of rye flashes like a strong rich jewel set in a rude brown case.

In early Fall, when the leaves of deciduous trees are past their prime, or in their glory of October color, it is easy to think the evergreens are never so fine. Their rich darkness masses itself through the many-hued fabric of the Autumn woodland with an effect unequaled by the brightened colors of other trees alone. Then the change going on every-where reminds one how unchanging they are. Their visible strength triumphs over the weakness of evanescence; but after the grass has faded and all other trees are naked, or shaking with dead leaves, the pines and hemlocks wear their greenest beauty. In the distance they look almost black. Clumps of them scattered along the hill-side contrast strongly with the snow. A small forest of white pines, with tall, straight stems, whose lower branches have fallen, leaving the high, close roof, is never so hospitable as in Winter. If snow has fallen, covering this roof, the traveler steps from the cold out-doors into a fairy abode, where the wood-people carry on their housekeeping undisturbed, unless by such a visitor.

But the most notable picture of the evergreens is seen on the sides of steep ravines after a heavy snow. The natural darkness of the trees is made still more somber by the shadows of the place, and the snow has a wonderful purity. The traveler whose road winds along such a spot gets a fresh, powerful impression, and if he has leisure he will

return to it. Whittier has sketched it in few words in "Snow-bound," only he has added moonlight, and, therefore, ghostliness:

"The hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back."

The most brilliant colors of the whole year are painted on the snow at dawn or at sunset. The rose, pearl, and amethyst, which dye the hill-tops and bathe the distant horizon never equaled at the Summer solstice, and that dazzling splendor of light which enwraps the world on certain intensely cold Winter mornings, is the best semblance of the transfiguration shown to mortals. Distances have as much color in Winter as at any other time. The coldest days are often seductive with soft purple mists, and the hills have a wonderful refinement of outline.

There are more modest colors in Winter, which the observant eye notes and enjoys to the full. Sometimes a brown fern in a thicket, or the lichens clinging to a gray rock, please one as well as the scarlet of sunset. There are moods when one shall not fail to notice even the different browns of dead leaves which have braved the frosts and still hang to the branch. The oaks and beeches, and now and then a maple, keep much of their leafage through the cold season, and there is always something striking in it.

The thickets are sometimes very daintily colored, and at a distance fascinate the eye. Dogwoods, young willows, black alders, and grape-vines growing together can make a picture so pleasing that the bittersweet vine may have scattered its bright yellow berries long ago without great loss to the thicket. The black alder abounds in New England, and bears a brilliant red berry, which flames in wet pastures and along amber brooks far into the Winter. Companion to it in color are the partridge and wintergreen berry, which one finds under leaves in woods skirted by green laurels. Spicy and balsamic they are as the hemlocks towering around them, and one sniffs health along with their fresh aroma.

If the farmer does not trim his fence-bor-

ders, black raspberry-vines will flourish there, throwing out slender arches, whose color was neglected in the leaf-season for the stronger attractions of the berries. Now their maroon-red shines through a bluish-white bloom as delicate as that on a peach. Neighbor to them, and kindred in color, are very likely the stronger, spiny stems of the blackberry bush. These are a darker red, and their form is less graceful.

The yellow willow is fond of growing by the water-courses, and adds a warm touch of color to the landscape. Their golden hue deepens into real richness when the low sunshine falls among their saplings, and a long line of them, reddened by the declining light, is a treat of glory which the eye is loath to forsake.

The willow is a domestic tree, and has many homely associations connected with it; it is human and lovable, quite unlike the white birch, which in Winter is so noticeable against dark backgrounds of forest. If the

main stems are not more angular than those of other trees they seem so, outlined upon somber reliefs, and in the moonlight add a weird, ghostly element to the neighborhood where they grow. One always feels a little suspicious of them, and on a lonely road casts an occasional glance backward while the feet hasten away.

This tree presents a strong contrast in color between its main and minor stems. The young branches and twigs are brown with a suggestion of red in them. The sumach heads retain their dark crimson for months. The sumach grows in clumps every-where, and is a friendly, familiar shrub, which one would be sorry to miss from the country road-sides and fence corners. In a cold light, its red pyramids look almost black, but the sun draws out their latent fire, and it has not all burned out even in March, when the blue-bird has already begun to flit among the branches, and to carol prophetic notes under skies that match his flashing wing.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A WAR between two countries so extensive and powerful as Russia and Turkey profoundly interests the civilized world. Russia and Turkey are among the largest empires of the earth. In point of extent, Russia is the second and Turkey the sixth; in point of population, Russia the third and Turkey the fourth among all the States. Their aggregate population exceeds 120,000,000, or nearly one-tenth of the human race; their united area fully occupies one-fifth of the entire surface of land. Hence, in a Russo-Turkish conflict, the world witnesses the horrors of war on an immense scale, and these horrors must be expected to be all the more frightful, as the Turks and even large portions of the Russian troops, have not yet experienced that influence of the Christian religion and the civilization of the nineteenth century which would fortunately characterize any wars in Western Europe and North America.

The present Eastern War has enlisted

more general and profound interest than its predecessors. For two years its outbreak had been anxiously looked forward to, because it was thought that it might lead to results of more than ordinary importance, and might take its place among the more memorable conflicts in the history of man. The power of the Turks has long been on the wane, and the opinion has been widely spread that they will not be able to retain much longer a hold on their Christian provinces.

A peculiar interest attaches to this war in its religious aspect. The civilized world has fortunately learned to discard religion from politics, and the legislation of the United States, which grants equal rights and equal protection to persons of all religions, is duly appreciated and is being more and more generally adopted. The Turks might have received the full benefit of this progress of religious toleration, and the fact that the Mohammedan religion forms a broad line of

distinction between them and the civilized world might have been ignored if the Government had been just toward its Christian subjects. This, however, has not been the case. The shameful oppression of the Christian provinces, after having lasted for centuries, has not yet ceased. Mohammedan fanaticism has again reflected itself in the horrible Bulgarian atrocities; and the war against Russia had hardly begun when the Turkish Government manifested the design of proclaiming a holy war of all Mohammedans against the Christian enemy. Such acts could not but arouse a strong feeling of antipathy against the Mohammedan Turks throughout the Christian world. They recalled to the Christian nations the past wars between the Cross and the Crescent, and their final result, the complete victory of progressive Christianity, which is now the religion of almost every civilized country, over the decrepit Islam, which, for centuries, has been losing ground wherever it came into contact with Christians. The examples of Spain, of Hungary, of large Slavic territories, and of Greece, all of which have fully emancipated themselves from Mohammedan rule, and of Servia and Roumania, which have at last achieved an actual independence, were looked upon as proofs that a Mohammedan government can not and should not conduct the developing civilization of a Christian race, and that the Christian tribes, which are still kept down by Turkish rule, are fairly and fully entitled to a liberation from the shackles which thus far have obstructed their progress. The warlike spirit which animated the Crusader against the infidel conquerors of the Holy Land may not now exist; but just in proportion as the Turks choose to remind the Christians of their triumphs in former religious wars, they will revive in millions of minds the sorrow for the Mohammedan conquest of the sacred places hallowed by Biblical history, and will swell the already powerful current of an anti-Turkish public sentiment. Even those who dread a further advance of Russia more than the continuance of Turkish rule have demanded and will demand satisfactory guarantees for the freedom of the Christian provinces from

any further oppression by a Mohammedan government.

The fact that the Turks not only belong to an alien religion, but that they are an alien race in Europe, has greatly added to the hereditary hatred with which the conquered tribes and the neighboring nations have looked upon them. But this difference of race has received a much greater significance in the light of modern science. The wonderful progress of comparative philology, which has shown the degree of kinship existing between all the principal languages of the world, has revealed the remarkable fact that from the days of the Persian Empire one family of nations, speaking languages nearly akin to each other, have run far ahead of all other nations in power and civilization. The Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, in the past, and all the Teutonic, Romanic, and Slavic nations of the present, are members of this family, which has been variously designated by linguists as the *Aryan*, *Indo-Germanic*, or *Indo-European*. In its irrepressible progress, this family of nations has now obtained control of the government of nearly all Europe, America, Australia, and the larger portion of Asia, and it is still steadily advancing. The Turks do not belong to it, but to an entirely different race, which, in the progress of civilization, has thus far greatly lagged behind, and, on account of its obvious inferiority, has been steadily losing ground for centuries. The inference has been drawn from this historical argument that the Turks have not only been unsuccessful in the past, but that as an inferior race they will also be constitutionally unfit in future to raise the countries over which they rule to a level with the Aryan nations of Europe and America. The Eastern wars since 1875 and the modern inner history of Turkey are therefore scrutinized with close attention by thousands of eager observers, to whom they appear as a new test of a theory which, if true, is certainly of a very grave importance for the welfare of millions of men, and which undoubtedly may claim, in the face of the history of the last two thousand years, a very thorough investigation.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE MAN, CHRIST JESUS.

No other subject has during the last few years awakened so lively an interest or received a larger share of attention, among those engaged in Biblical and theological studies, than the person and constitutional character of Jesus of Nazareth, the Founder of the Christian religion and Church. The discussion presents itself on every hand, and whether welcomed or deprecated, it can not be suppressed. And it is well that this is so; for while there is need that the subject should be better understood and more rationally set forth, there is no occasion to fear that the truth will suffer by any amount of free handling. It is quite impossible to bring the mind of Christendom back to the positions and methods that have chiefly prevailed for a thousand years. Opinions that were assumed without evidence or arguments, and assented to without examination, are now on trial upon their merits; and whatever opinions may be accepted must be taken with all that is legitimately implicated in them. It is no longer possible at once to accept the traditional notions of the Church and to ignore any thing that legitimately hangs upon such notions. The ancient creeds of Christendom teach us that Christ is at the same time essentially and truly divine, and also really and properly human. To render this view logically self-consistent is, therefore, a duty devolved by the conditions of the case upon the devout philosophy and Christian scholarship of our times.

No point in Catholic orthodoxy is more surely and definitely settled than that of the twofold nature of Christ's person. It is also agreed that these two natures subsist in the one personality, each in its own proper character, unchanged by their connection, and not mixed or commingled in their union. God incarnated in the person of Jesus of Nazareth is the same as, and not another than, the un-

created Logos, subsisting with the Father from eternity. The man, Christ Jesus, the son of Mary, was, as to his humanity, only and altogether a man, complete in all that pertains to essential human nature. The union of the divine and the human in a single person, the Christ of God, neither diminished his godhead nor so modified his humanity as in any sense to remove him from the category of the children of Adam. Hence there is truth and aptness in the language of the ancient formulas, that speak of him as very God and very Man.

The word *person* expresses a somewhat indefinable but yet a well understood and quite comprehensible idea. It is that *John* is himself and not another, and that *Peter* is in like wise himself, while both *John* and *Peter* are distinct and individualized entities. Beyond this individualization of the entity there must be in it, in order to its personality, a rational soul, with self-consciousness and affection and free will. Such a being may be contemplated as an intelligence objective to the contemplant, and capable of thought and reflection in himself; and he may therefore appropriate to himself the pronouns of the first person singular, *ego* and *me*, and also claim as his own all the attributes of his being. We accordingly appropriate to Jesus Christ, in his uni-personality, both divine and human characteristics, each kind belonging alike to himself, but, in either case, by virtue of only one of the two distinct natures that unite in his person. Because he was God he could claim to be eternal, almighty, omniscient, able to forgive sin,—appointed to be the Judge of the world. Because he was a man we can trace him from his birth (in the flesh) through infantile weakness, into youth and physical and intellectual manhood, increasing "in wisdom and stature." We see him hungering and thirsting, rejoicing and weeping, suffering and dying, yet all these things belonged to

the same person, because in that personality the divine and the human were conjoined. The person of Christ included on the one hand, the completeness of the human character, and beyond, and infinitely above this, "in him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," that is, in his personal embodiment.

Beyond most others, this subject appears not well defined in modern theology. One may read any number of treatises on the Person and Offices of the world's Redeemer without meeting with any attempt to probe this subject or to set in order the things that are implied in its first premise; and as a consequence the popular conception of Christ has been that of an essentially divine being revealed among the accidents of human nature. Still the subject, as we present it, is by no means a new one. It was, indeed, a question of the fiercest controversy in the fifth and sixth centuries. "On the one side may be found the names of Theodore of Mopsuestia, Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, and Theodoret of Antioch, maintaining the doctrine of Christ's perfect humanity conjoined with his perfect divinity. On the other side was first St. Cyril, through whose influence the Councils of Constantinople, of Chalcedon, and of Ephesus were brought to condemn the doctrine of Nestorius, and to depose him as a heretic. It thus came to pass that an undefined something, anathematized as Nestorianism, was among the recognized heresies of the ancient Church, which thus remained under the ban all through the Middle Ages. After the Reformation it began to be suspected that not improbably the so-called heresy of Nestorius might be more Scriptural than the orthodoxy of the Councils, and yet early Protestantism did very little to elucidate the subject.

But in comparatively modern times this unreasoning indolence of thought among Protestantism has been somewhat rudely disturbed by the attacks of Rationalism, whose bold denials and destructive criticisms have compelled the Church to seek to protect its traditional faith by intelligible statements of its doctrines, and by both reasonable and Scriptural proofs of their correctness. The effect of all this has been most salutary, though much still remains to be done before the subject can be fully set at rest. But the drift of theological discussion is fairly set in that direction, and

the necessity for a thorough understanding of this whole subject is generally conceded. It is found necessary to inquire how much of all that is contained in the ancient creeds and in the accepted doctrines of Protestantism is agreeable to Holy Scripture properly interpreted, and what must be abandoned as indefensible, or appropriately modified. Among the special themes that seem to call for such a careful re-examination is that of the Person of Christ, and more especially what may be designated as his *human psychology*.

For our elementary teaching on this subject we must depend entirely upon the New Testament; and there may be found all that can be desired. Three of the four evangelists present to us what may be called the *phenomenal Christ*. They give us, written in the plainest and most realistic style, the history of a man of their times. Two of them give some account of his family and his birth, with some things connected with his childhood. But their books are devoted chiefly to sketches of his public ministry, and the opposition of his countrymen, which culminated in his death. These narratives seem, all the time, to be dealing entirely with veritable *phenomena*. The subject of their discourses seems to be a real man, with all the aspects and characteristics of one of the human family. True, his original generation is declared to have been out of the usual course of nature, by miracle. But after that every thing proceeded entirely normally. He was born of a woman, in infantile helplessness. He was nourished like other children, and like others, with advancing years he grew in stature and wisdom (*i. e.* was *developed physically and mentally*), and so far as can be legitimately inferred, nothing appeared about him to suggest to the ordinary observer that he differed in any essential point from other and ordinary young men.

It must also be noticed, however, that these same sketches present quite another side to his character. His birth was foretold to his mother by a messenger from heaven, by whom his divine character was clearly declared. At his birth an angel again declared his divine character and mission. His biographers, though they fully display his manhood, steadily assume and abundantly teach his godhead likewise. The fourth evangelist sets out with the declaration of his divinity, deducing his generation

from eternity. Yet he soon unites the stream of his discourse with that of the others, by declaring that this uncreated WORD was made flesh [MAN] and dwelt among us, i. e., among MANKIND, as a man among men.

The accounts they give us of his words and actions, and manner of life generally, all represent to us a *man*; one, indeed, of an eminently religious character, much addicted to prayer, and evidently in closest communion with God. He was blameless in life (even his enemies being judges), but of great severity in reprobating sin, which exposed him to much ill-will. In short, by a thousand undesigned intimations and implications, the New Testament narrative presents to us the person and characteristics of Jesus Christ as those of a real and veritable MAN.

This conjunction of the fullness of the divinity and the completeness of humanity in the person of Christ Jesus—that glorious mystery of the incarnation—has ever been a stumbling stone to the pride of human reason. It was above all else the occasion of controversies and heresies that arose in, and divided, the primitive Church. There were Manicheans and Donatists and Ebionites and Monarchians and Monothelites and Monophysites, of whom some denied Christ's divinity, and some his humanity; but most taught a mixing and confusing of the two natures in his person. But above all these and in spite of them all, the New Testament doctrine of the union of the two natures in his person, each complete in itself and the two not confounded, became more and more clearly developed in the teachings of the Church, till the coming in of the *Dark Ages* obscured the mental vision of mankind. Then this deduction from Holy Scripture became simply a traditional *dogma*, proceeding so far, and stopping at midway. In that state the doctrine of Christ's person was found at the revival of learning; but neither that event nor the reformation of religion led at once to a re-examination of that question, or to the solution of its problems. That work thus has been left for our own times.

Accepting as sufficiently stated the doctrine of Christ's humanity, we pass to glance at certain points in his life history, as seen in the light of that truth. The first and most fruitful result of its acceptance must be to bring Christ Jesus, really and fully, into the category

of human persons, and being so recognized he must be viewed as endowed with all the essential attributes of humanity.

And yet that which chiefly characterizes man, as viewed by the divine omniscience, and treated in the divine administration of human affairs, or as he is seen in the large deductions of history and of social affairs, was not found in him. Mankind is almost always contemplated in God's Word as full of sin and under its curse, while he was *absolutely without sin*. And yet this difference all the more fully proves his perfect humanity. SIN is not an essential attribute of humanity. Historically, it is an *after-work*; philosophically, it is an *accident*. It is a blot, a stain, upon humanity; a defect, a corrupting admixture. It had no place in man as he was originally constituted, and its entire removal is requisite to the complete restoration of his manhood. Christ's *sinlessness* is therefore among the necessary conditions, and its existence is a proof of his perfect humanity. And yet, it may be, that manhood, as seen in him, was not altogether in its normal condition. "Born of a woman," and become "brother to our flesh," he took our infirmities, *naturally*, as well as bore our sins *judicially*. These, no doubt, intensified his temptations, and aggravated his conflicts. They also served an important purpose in that mysterious discipline by which he was perfected for his great work.

Among others of the spiritual attributes of manhood are *free will* and *self-consciousness*; both of which must be predicated of Christ's humanity. These attributes also belong to the *godhead*; and the conjunction of the two natures in the person of Christ, therefore, presents him with a *double consciousness* and *two wills*, each cognizing or acting for itself. Christ's human righteousness being that of a free moral agent, was something more than holy impulses and sanctified desires and heavenward tendencies of soul. It included also and pre-eminently the godly obedience of a freely determining moral agency,—a human will attuned to perfect harmony with the divine. In this consisted his exalted *virtue*. It was especially in this that he "grew in favor with God." It was because of the completeness of the accord of his interior will—the soul's moral self-hood—with the mind and purposes of eternal godhead, that the Father was "well pleased" in him.

All devout contemplation of Christ's exalted goodness must recognize his human will, ever active, ever self-determining, and moving by its inherent tendencies and spontaneous propensities in unison with the divine will. This alone can give a proper sense to his numerous professions of obedience to, and his delight in, the will of God. This view of Christ's free-will also shows most clearly the value of his perfect obedience. The task assigned him was, to the last degree, painful and laborious. Yet at every stage he accepted it voluntarily, and endured it of choice to the end. His sufferings and sorrows were all of the nature of perpetually renewed *self-denials*.

In the unutterable agonies of the garden and of the cross, when his physical nature seemed to be sinking under its load, his human will was steadfast in its obedience to the divine. At each stage of his suffering he still voluntarily persisted, and chose to suffer all the Father's good pleasure. Christ's obedience can be fully appreciated only as his perfect free agency in it all is recognized and emphasized.

It is, however, the recognition of Christ's human consciousness as distinct from the divine that suggests the most fruitful inferences. Of all the attributes of the mind scarcely another is so absolutely subjective as this. It pertains most intimately to the self-hood, and it can in no sense be removed from the essential inbeing of the soul. Nor can it be divided or shared with any other. Omnisience may search the heart and read the thoughts; but the knowledge so possessed is by observation, and not by introspection. Consciousness begins and ends with the individual. By this faculty Jesus knew himself as a man, and so was fitted to perform the functions of a rational being. He lived and thought and acted as a man among men, by virtue of his human consciousness, as distinct and separate from the divinity that also subsisted in him.

But the range of objects upon which the consciousness operates is a definitely limited one. It cognizes only the mind's own processes, and looks to nothing beyond. Man's consciousness can know only the soul of man in its active modes; and the consciousness of the individual mind can not go beyond itself. It is evident, therefore, that by this faculty Jesus could never have ascertained the fact of the indwelling divinity. The knowledge of

that tremendous reality was to himself, i. e., his human intelligence, a matter not of intuition but of revelation. His communications with the divine were in *kind* not unlike those received by other prophets, by which circumstance he is identified with, and so made, the head of the prophetic order; since his prophetic perceptions transcended infinitely in degree all that were enjoyed by the most favored of his predecessors. Though God conversed with Abraham as friend with a friend, and with Moses "face to face," with Jesus the divine converse was not as from without but as within. The veil that separated the human from the divine was easily drawn aside, so that the human soul of the Son of Mary dwelt in the effulgence of indwelling godhead.

It is sufficiently evident that during his public ministry Jesus fully apprehended his own divinity, and thought and recognized himself as God as well as man, and that the intercommunings of the divine and human were frequent, often protracted, and very intimate. The veil that separated the divine from the human consciousness was readily drawn aside, and the human spirit conversed most freely and intimately with the divine. So full and demonstrative was this divine manifestation to his human consciousness and reason that he perpetually recognized himself in his complex character, and so predicated of his one personality, both divine and human attributes.

And yet we may readily detect in his history clear intimations of his human *finity*. In the ordinary affairs of his life there are signs of limitations of knowledge; there are expressions of doubts, not unmixed with fears, and of hopes in whose consummation he rejoiced. The blind perverseness of his own people in rejecting his Gospel evidently grieved him, not only with commiseration for their ruin, but also with the bitterness of disappointment at the casting down of his cherished expectation of bringing in his kingdom through the medium of the Hebrew theocracy. This disappointment gave depth and pathos to his weeping over Jerusalem, and the recognition of it opens up a new meaning in his sadly eloquent lamentation, "Oh that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! but now they are forever hidden from thy eyes." With all his breadth of spiritual vision and his universal sympathy

with all forms and kinds of human joys and sorrows, Jesus nevertheless lived and died a Jew, with a special and peculiar affection for his own nation, a feeling that found a most pathetic expression among the unutterable agonies of the cross. Foreseeing the ruin that was impending over the land, he answered to the women that "bewailed and lamented him," "Daughters of Jerusalem! weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children."

There is perhaps no more strikingly amiable trait in all that is taught us respecting our Lord's human character than the strength and permanency of his personal affections. We see this beautifully illustrated in his relations with the family of Bethany. That household was evidently made up of devout Jews, having friends in Jerusalem of the better class religiously. They seem also to have been somewhat elevated in their pecuniary and social relations, as is shown by the character of the entertainment afforded to Christ and his disciples. Their house had probably been his temporary abode during some of his many visits to the Holy City, and this intercourse had led to a close and tender friendship between the august guest and the favored entertainers. That this favor was mutual, and fully participated in by our Lord, is shown by the interjected remark of the evangelist: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." Here more nearly than anywhere else in Judea he found a *home*; and here were those who felt it to be their highest honor and most precious privilege to extend to him the fullest and heartiest hospitality. The incidents attending both the death and the resurrection of Lazarus very fully illustrate these things. His finite human knowledge allowed him to presume that "this sickness is not unto death;" but when the decease had occurred the divinity within him revealed that fact to his human understanding. His hasty return to Judea, his sadly tender greetings with the sorrowing sisters, and his sympathetic weeping at the sepulcher, all testify to his humanity as fully as his power over the grave attested his God-head.

His love for his mother, and also that for John, proved and illustrated this thought. In these we see human love sanctified and elevated beyond all earthly comparison. It was not simply because John was more devout and heavenly-minded than any other of the twelve

that he was so treated by the Master as to come to be recognized as "that disciple whom Jesus loved." The two probably were nearly akin by birth and of about the same age, and with their natural casts of mind very much alike; and each of them being at once eminently loving and lovable, it was quite natural that a specially warm and intimate friendship should grow up between them.

The steadiness and amplitude of the Master's affection for the disciple were manifested in the closeness of the relations to himself into which John was taken, which secured him a place among the most favored three, in the scenes of the transfiguration and of the agonies of Gethsemane; which gave him the place of highest honor at the last passover, and which displayed itself—kindest of all expressions of love—in the confidence expressed by committing his own mother to the care of the beloved disciple, raising him by adoption to brotherhood with himself. Of like character, but still more tender and intense, was our Lord's love for his mother, which manifests itself most unmistakably whenever the two are brought into notice in the Gospel. It is not, indeed, of the self-asserting kind of love that is sometimes seen in shallow natures; but calm, because it is so deep; it was ever-present and abounding. It was seen in the temple in his boyhood, and afterward in his willing subjection in his youth and manhood. It crept out at the wedding at Cana. It is seen in her permitted association with him during his ministry, and it culminated in unspeakable fullness in his extreme hour upon the cross. His last act was to see to it that her desolation caused by his death should not be complete. To that mother so beloved by her divine son, and so worthy to be so loved, Jesus gave to be her son thereafter his own best beloved personal friend, "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" and evidently both parties to the relation so constituted duly appreciated the favor done them, and joyfully responded to the obligations mutually devolved upon them. Such, then, is our Christ, "who verily took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore, in all things, it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE JESUITS.—There is just now an extreme irritation among the Jesuits because one of their number (Father Curci) has been banished by the Pope on account of the too free expression of his opinions about the restoration of the temporal power. The anxiety in the College of Cardinals is very great, because their eminences feel touched on a very delicate chord at this blow struck at Curci, who is considered a very sound and reliable, as well as safe man, who would say nothing unadvisedly. They keep, however, their opinions to themselves as the wisest way, although it is now clear that the question of the temporal power is coming to be regarded from a different stand-point, even among the surroundings of the Pope. By this banishment of Curci the Pontiff and the clique that controls him clearly show that they are determined not to live at peace with the Italian Government, though the latter has given it such marked protection by the guarantee laws. This may lead to some painful complications that many of the cardinals think might have been avoided in all honor, and which it would have been better to avoid in this critical period, caused by the recent defeat of Ultramontanism in France, which takes away all hope of aid from that country in the matter of temporal restoration. The cardinals feel that with such arbitrary measures without consulting them that the soil is being removed from beneath their feet, and their indignation at the Papal Secretary (Simeoni) is very great. And in addition to this the poor Chancellor does not, it is said, stand very well with the Pope, so that he is between two fires. Some of the cardinals have gone in person to the Pope to declare themselves free from all responsibility in this movement. The part which the Jesuits have played in this matter is highly characteristic, and is well known, because the General of the Jesuits has told it all in a frank letter. The Jesuits, it seems, have been playing a double game, directed more to the temporal power of their own order than that of the Papacy. On the one hand it is clear and undoubted that Curci

developed his theories with the perfect accord and understanding of his Society. His censured writings were indorsed by the advice of the general and the assessors of the order, and without censure have been circulated through all the provinces of the order. The National Italians thereby received a hint that it would not be impossible, under certain circumstances, for the Society of Jesus to live in accord with the Italian Government. On the other hand it is this same society which, by advice and flattering promises of the firmness of the Pope, caused him to persevere in a course that has finally landed him on the bare floor. For God created the world, it appears, not for the sake of the Pope, but rather for the use of this notorious order. Now the Pontiff is said to be surrounded by a clique in the Vatican that are much concerned about their own temporal interests, and who denounced Curci roundly to the Pope because they knew that this would accord with the feelings of the Holy Father; so that the Jesuit leaders found it necessary to take down their signs for a while and remain quiet. And this trouble increases the weight of another irritable question that is annoying the Pope in his last days, which is that of a veto possessed by treaty on the part of the Catholic nations on the vote of the conclave for a new Pope. Pius the Ninth is trying to remove this check on his ambition, which is to name a successor who will inherit his spirit and carry out his measures. This is making a good deal of trouble for the Papal ambassadors at the various courts, and preparing a thorny death-bed for the aged and infirm Pius.

PROBABLE SUCCESSOR TO PIUS IX.

By the recent appointments to the apostolic college the foreign cardinals have risen to a majority, a most extraordinary event in the modern history of the Roman hierarchy. Its every effort has been for the last three centuries to confine the choice of the papal incumbent to the Italians, and for the sake of insuring this result it has been the policy of the popes to keep the college majority among their own countrymen. There have been many specula-

tions as to Pio Nino's probable successor, but it is more than likely that all present conjectures will prove false, and that in the last hour of choice some as yet unknown individual will be brought forward, just as was the case in the last conclave. Nobody dreamed, when Gregory XVI died, that Mastai Ferretti would be the next incumbent of the papal chair. When the report spread at Rome on the 16th of June, 1846, that the cardinals were on the point of proclaiming a pope, every body, including even the highest and the best informed Romans, were under the firm conviction that the pope was to be Cardinal Gizzi, the accepted leader of their party, so called because its principal members were Romans, and their assured opinion that the times required the elevation of a born Roman to the throne of the Roman States, and in contradistinction from the Genoese party, the cardinals who acted along with Lambruschini, a native of Genoa, and the Secretary of State of Gregory XVI. De Luca, La Valetta, Simeoni, and Pecai may get the slip at the approaching papal conclave, as did Gizzi, De Angelis, Soglia, Falconieri, and Lambruschini, Franzoni, Micara, and Altieri in the elective contest which brought out a cardinal of whom little was known beyond the fact that as Bishop of Imola he acquired much respect, and conducted himself in a charitable spirit on the occasion of revolutionary outbreak in that neighborhood. Extraordinary times call for extraordinary men, and unless the cardinals of Rome are struck with mental blindness they will not ignore the need of a change of papal policy, and the probability of securing such a change successfully only by a pope who is not an Italian. Outside of Italy no man stands a better chance than Cardinal Manning. In all his recent actions he has shown again and again that he is bidding for the chair of St. Peter, and that he is a conservative whom all papists should regard as Rome's most faithful devotee. And we confess that the Italians might look a long time before they would find a better man for the pontificate in this trying hour. Yet should we not be surprised if the college give its choice to Bishop Hefele, the ablest theologian of the German Romanists, and the man of all men best gifted to make peace with the German

Government—a matter of no small moment. Once a German was put in the pontifical chair to humble his own country's ruler: but the times of Pope Gregory VII are no more to return, and if Rome wishes to rule she must have the good will, not of a submissive emperor, but of a friendly and willing ally.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

In anticipation of the near opening of the Great International Exposition at Paris, the author of "Round about France" has paid a visit to the *Champ de Mars*—that old review ground, that has witnessed most of the great civil and military pageants which have enlivened Paris since the time of the Revolution of 1793, and writes enthusiastically to the *London Daily News* concerning the splendors which will dazzle the eyes of visitors to the World's Fair this Summer. Opposite the Champ, but divided from it by the Seine and its quays, rises the Trocadero, a sloping hill of some twenty acres, christened in honor of the Duc d'Angoulême's victory in Spain in 1823. The Champ de Mars and the Trocadero are joined by the handsome Bridge of Jena—the same which the Prussian General Blucher wanted to blow up in 1814. It has wisely been resolved to close the bridge and quays to public traffic, and to throw the whole space on both sides of the river into the Exhibition grounds. The grounds on both sides of the river will be occupied by fancy pavilions, grottoes, restaurants, and model lighthouses. On the Trocadero side there is to be a marvelous grotto full of stalactites, which are to be made brilliant as icicles in the sunlight by the help of a million little pieces of looking-glass inserted in the crevices. There will also be a matchless cascade and a series of fountains, throwing up three hundred thousand gallons of water daily, which will flow from basin to basin, and marble step to step, into a piece of ornamental water in the middle of the garden. The French are great at organizing water-works, as the fountains at Versailles and St. Cloud can testify; but it is expected that the aquatic display in the Trocadero will excel all previous efforts, and produce wondrous effects at the night fêtes, where the electric light will be brought into play.

ART.

COMPARATIVE EXCELLENCIES.

THE official Report of Professor John F. Wier, of Yale College, on the painting and sculpture displayed at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, is a document full of most interesting information, and well calculated to encourage and inspire our American artists by its just discriminations and generous praise. We are a little startled by his statement that, "in landscape-painting, it is not an exaggerated estimate of American art to claim for it merits unsurpassed by the contemporary art of any other people. A feature of marked interest was the exhibition of the works of our older portrait painters, who link the present with the past century, as Gilbert Stuart, Copley, Allston, Morse, Newton, Trumbull, Jarvis, Inman, Sully, and others. These connect with Cole and Durand, who may properly be termed the fathers of American landscape. They first effectually inspired the artistic mind with sympathies which still manifest their influence. Cole was truly a poet in feeling, and his simple landscapes possess a charm which time does not mar. Durand likewise stimulated into activity that latent sympathy for this branch of art which has become a marked feature of the American school—if the term be admissible—and his rendering of landscape is exceedingly sensitive and refined." Of Mr. S. R. Gifford he says: "This artist is varied in his powers, and sustained, free, and finished in his methods. His pictures always manifest great elevation of thought and feeling. They are the interpretation of the profounder sentiments of nature, rather than of her superficial aspects." Mr. Church contributed his "Chimborazo," which, while it is representative of his peculiar style, is not one of his best works; it is not equal to his "Niagara" or "Heart of the Andes." The eminent ability displayed by this artist in the works last mentioned merits high praise, and has been widely acknowledged. "Mr. Church views the landscape with the cool deliberation of the scientist. His art is always attractive and brilliant, but with a tendency towards an accumulation of detail in lieu of fullness of sentiment. His merits are, however, so generally

recognized, and have so properly won for him the distinction due to brilliant talents, that his work rarely fails to attract attention and elicit praise. 'Chimborazo' is one of a series of pictures the materials for which were sought in another continent; and the extraordinary energy manifested by this artist in visiting remote latitudes in search of subjects for his pencil was a feature of his art that has since found numerous imitators. But Mr. Church is not insensible to the fact that the materials requisite for great art may be found always near at hand, and even among what is termed mere commonplace." Professor Wier is not fulsome of praise, but seems to use a very nice discrimination in estimating the claims of different painters, as well as in comparing the qualities of their own works at different stages of their history. Of Mr. Bierstadt he remarks: "The earlier works of this artist evinced a vigorous, manly style of art that had its undeniable attraction. His pictures exhibited at Philadelphia lapse into sensational and meretricious effects, and a loss of true artistic aim. They are vast illustrations of scenery, carelessly and crudely executed, and we fail to discover in them the merits which render his earlier works conspicuous." Of Eastman Johnson's *genre* pictures there is a highly appreciative and complimentary notice. They are carefully studied, and always expressive of genuine feeling. They are not always free from uncertainty of form and touch and monotony of tone, but no one evinces more decided individuality and independence in the choice and treatment of subjects than this artist. His pictures bear the unmistakable stamp of originality. We are never reminded in them of the influence of schools and foreign methods. They rest upon their own merits, and the only comparisons they suggest are those afforded by the truths of nature. We instinctively feel that the artist himself was impressed, and sought to express something that touched his sympathies forcibly. This is their interest and power, and criticism starts from this source rather than from the mere pictorial elements that usually in artists of less power first engage the atten-

tion. Of Mr. Lafarge and Mr. Gray, Professor Wier makes the following interesting statement: "The two artists who, with us, have best illustrated the charm of resource that rests in harmonies of color are Lafarge and Gray, and yet no two artists could be more utterly unlike in their methods and their aims. Mr. Lafarge evinces more profound intellectual aims, tinctured with Oriental feeling, while Mr. Gray's work is influenced by simpler and more pervasive qualities of tone and the richness that is suggestive of Venetian feeling. Mr. Gray is not always equal, and his pictures are often too strongly imitative of the school that has influenced his style. But his 'Apples of Discord' is perhaps, in drawing, in purity of tone, and in the luminous quality of flesh-tints, unequaled in American art, and unsurpassed by any recent work of its kind in any country." Of one quality of this report we can not speak in terms of too high commendation: we refer to his generous treatment of his fellow artists. Professor Wier seems to apprehend the province and design of true criticism. To praise indiscriminately the work of American artists simply because they are American has sometimes fed their vanity and caused them to relax the sinews of exertion. As is the case of Bierstadt and Church, so is the case with others; their earlier paintings were their best. The high relative position early attained by these landscapists seemed to secure their works from that healthy criticism which might have saved the artists from subsequent mannerisms and carelessness. On the other hand, sharp and withering rebuke, caustic upbraiding, wholesale condemnation, or a contemptuous sneer at every thing American, is even more pernicious in influence. It may effectually crush out the ambition of a most worthy but modest artist, who just then and there needs most of all some word of generous encouragement, some kindly, sympathetic heart to lift a little the load of anxiety and apprehension which had sorely oppressed him. Professor Wier seems to err in neither of these respects. He holds the scales with very considerable steadiness. He is lenient and generous in the presence of errors, but does not hesitate to note them. His knowledge of the difficulties of the artist is too thorough and his heart too kindly to allow of unmerited depreciation; but when defects are

exposed and failings noted it is with that delicacy of manner and that true spirit of honesty that none can either feel offense or experience the chill of discouragement. This report will be welcomed by the public for its clear and discriminating estimate of the abilities, qualities, and promises of American artists, and for the intelligent opinion it expresses of the relative excellence of their works in this grand cosmopolitan exhibition.

THE BLIND AS TUNERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE Report of the Director of the "Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind" contains much valuable information, and is full of suggestions to those who have the management of these charities for the unfortunate blind. The Report is, indeed, much more than a recital of facts in the history of this Institution during another year of its activities; it is full of psychological discussions which are provocative of much thought. After remarking that "a thorough investigation of the matter, coupled with a careful comparison of data, will show, however, that in a given number of blind and seeing persons there will be the same proportion of each qualified by nature to excel in music," the Report proceeds: "Yet, beyond doubt, the sense of hearing in a blind person becomes so sharpened by training and cultivation as to become almost perfect. The reasons for this are obvious. That part of our nature which gives us a knowledge and love of the beautiful in the external world can be cultivated by the exercise of the senses in general, but not of any one of them in particular. Sight, hearing, touch, etc., each and all play a greater or smaller part in this operation; and when one of them is closed the others have to perform in part its work. The blind, feeling as strong a desire as others do for that kind of stimulus with which the mind is furnished by communication with the outer world through the senses, devote themselves with double zeal to the cultivation of that of touch, and still more so to that of hearing. Hence this latter sense becomes so improved and sharpened that the relations of sounds imperceptible to ordinary listeners are apparent to them, and a blind man with a trained ear and a well-developed mind finds an exhaustless pleasure in tracing

out the thread of harmony which runs through natural sounds. To him there is music not only in the human voice and in the sound of special instruments, but in every thing. From the hum of the insect to the peal of the thunder, he perceives harmony in all. . . . Besides improving their intellect, purifying their moral natures, elevating their sentiments, refining their tastes, and promoting their happiness, it opens a wide field of profitable employment to all who have marked ability." A very interesting statement is made of the methods pursued to educate the blind to become skillful tuners of musical instruments, especially of pianos. Peculiar qualifications seem to be necessary to success in this department. Not only are an accurate ear, mechanical skill, and natural talent necessary, but these must be accompanied by good manners, pleasing address, gentlemanly conduct, modesty in demeanor, and cleanliness in person and habits. Yet after all these high qualifications the number of pupils under instruction during the past year has been nineteen. The outside work in tuning has more than doubled, and the best tuners have been kept steadily employed. This work is greatly aided by the active co-operation and sympathy of the most eminent musicians in Boston and vicinity. Their hearty commendation of the excellence of the work of these blind tuners has multiplied the number of patrons, and has led to the perfecting of a contract with the Board of Education of Boston for the tuning of the pianos used in the public-schools of that city. It is hardly possible to overestimate the stimulus and encouragement thus afforded to the blind from the fact that a committee of sharp, well-informed business men have placed one hundred and twenty-seven costly instruments, used in the public-schools of Boston, under the care of the blind tuners of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. All of this is justified in the Report by the fact that the blind tuner is in an absolutely better condition for detecting minute differences of sound than the seeing one can be. With the blind the ear is supreme, absolute monarch, without any rival, or even

subordinate minister; hence the wonderful power to detect nicest harmonies and slightest discords. The Report, as a whole, is very able; and this application of one of the fine arts is of very special practical and scientific interest.

MR. PARK'S COMMISSION.

WE are happy to report that Professor Park, whose beautiful ideal marbles formed so interesting a feature in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, has received a most important commission from the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Stewart, of New York. It is well known that Mr. Stewart had built a town on Long Island, called Garden City, and was to erect a cathedral church at the same place. Professor Park's commission includes five ideal figures to adorn this church. The details of his studies are not yet fully completed; but we are informed that two statues—namely, "Moses" and "Paul"—are to adorn the grand entrance, while "The Angel of the Resurrection" is the subject of the work to be placed near the cenotaph of Mr. Stewart. Besides these, an ideal figure of "Religion" will adorn the cenotaph of Mrs. Stewart, and "The Angel of Everlasting Life" is the subject of a statue which will occupy some conspicuous place in this beautiful church. We can not but congratulate Professor Park on his good fortune in securing this valuable commission. His reputation as a sculptor is already established, but this gives him opportunity to try his genius in the realm of high religious art, and to win a name in this as in other fields. Unlike Mr. Palmer, of Albany, some of whose statues were cut by him, Mr. Park has had long residence and careful tuition in Italy under the best masters. He has the reputation of being one of the most promising sculptors of America. It gives us great pleasure to announce that the students of the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University, New York, will receive personal instruction in modeling, copying, and cutting from Professor Park during the months of January, February, and March of this year.

NATURE.

SUN-SPOTS AND FAMINES.—The Madras famine gives emphasis to a series of researches made by isolated observers during the last twenty years. The common result to which these researches point is a more direct connection between solar activity and atmospheric conditions of the earth than was previously suspected. The science of the nineteenth century has swept away all the beautiful fancies of the eighteenth in regard to the nature of sun-spots. In such inquiries the telescope has given place to the spectroscope, and no fact is now more certain than that the sun is a huge incandescent globe, the very coolest visible portion of which is glowing with a heat which transcends all our earthly fires. We may call the sun a furnace, but this word must be used with a qualification. The heat of the sun is due, not to combustion as in our ordinary fires, but to the vivid incandescence of each particle brought about by the original contraction of the vaporous globe, or by causes even more remote and unknown. But this we know, that the energies at work on the sun are not constant. At times, there are spots on its surface of such enormous magnitude that they are visible to the naked eye; again, it is apparently spotless. At other times glowing vapors rush up from its bowels with such persistence that the careful observer is sure to catch a sight of their eruptions whenever he looks for them. Again, at times they are invisible for months together. Strange forms are also seen, exquisite in color, fantastic beyond description in outline, and of stupendous magnitude. These are the solar prominences or red flames, the existence of which was formerly revealed to us by eclipses only. Like the spots and like the eruptions, they wax and wane. At one time a dozen may be visible around the edge of the sun, some of them a hundred thousand miles high; at another there will be scarcely the most feeble indication of solar activity. The sun, then, may not only be likened to a furnace, the heat of which is beyond expression, but to a furnace the intensity of which is apparently variable. And this apparent variation in

activity is not irregular, and therefore unpredictable, but is regular and predictable within certain limits. This variation is periodic, and the solar phenomena to which we have referred vary together; that is, when we have the greatest number of uprushes of heated matter from below, we have the greatest number of spots and the greatest number of prominences. All these phenomena ebb and flow once in eleven years. They are an index, not a measure, of solar activity; and their absence indicates a reduction, not cessation, of the sun's energy.

It is now an accepted fact of science that, with the exception of tide work, all our terrestrial energies come from the sun. That energy is the great prime mover of all the changeable phenomena with which we are familiar here; it gives us our meteorology by falling at different times on different points of the aerial and aqueous envelopes of our planet, thereby producing ocean and air currents, while, by acting upon the various forms of water which exist in those envelopes, it is the fruitful parent of rain, cloud, and mist. If the energy radiated from the sun were constant, we should expect that the terrestrial conditions which depend on this energy to be constant too; and, on the other hand, we should expect them to vary if the energy varied as we have seen to be the fact. To the daily and annual changes of our terrestrial phenomena is then added another change, but a change as regular as the daily and yearly one, if the variation of the amount of solar energy is subject to a law, as it certainly seems to be. Are, then, these cycles of solar activity coincident with any well-marked cycles in the atmospheric or other conditions of the earth? For a number of years it has been established that there is a certain correspondence existing between the changes in rain-fall and the maxima and minima periods of sun-spots. Scientific men have spared no pains in bringing this suspected relation to proof. The depths of rivers and our great lakes for many years back have been carefully observed. But the past famines of India offer the most interesting comments on the

truth of this relation. The rain-returns from Madras run back as far as 1813, and it is found that the cycles of rain-fall during that time have coincided almost exactly with the eleven years' cycles of sun-spots. This induction has a very practical interest, and the subject merits the earnest attention both of men of science and those who have to deal with the great present problem of Indian administration.

Wind and rain are the prime dispensers of weal or woe to hundreds of thousands of lives in India, which lie every year at the mercy of the rain-fall. The yield of the tilled land has hitherto been regarded as altogether inconstant and beyond calculation, but it is now found that five out of six famine-causing droughts of this century, since 1810, happened at Madras within the group of years of the minimum number of sun-spots, and the six fell in that group together with the year immediately preceding it.

The time for safe prediction has not yet come, but certainly the cyclic character of the Madras rain-fall must henceforth enter into considerations connected with the food supply of the people.

THE MOONS OF MARS.—It is only with a very powerful telescope that any one can hope to see these additional members of the solar system. Even with the best instruments they appear only as faint points of light. It is, therefore, scarcely possible to say any thing definitely about their size; but it is evident, by comparison, that they must be much smaller than any of the minor planets, which have been hitherto discovered. One astronomer says that although the diameter of the Martian moons can not be measured, yet "one may safely agree to ride round one between two successive meals, or to walk around one, in easy stages, during a very brief vacation."

When Mars was favorably situated for observation in 1830, Madler so closely scrutinized it that he concluded that no satellite more than twenty miles in diameter could exist without his having discovered it. The satellites just discovered are much smaller than this, and probably the diameter of each is less than ten miles. Taking this maximum diameter, the surface of one of these moons would not be much greater than an area of

two hundred and eighty square miles. In fact, the moons of Mars are the most diminutive heavenly bodies yet discovered. While it is at present impossible to determine their magnitude, it is easy to say something about their distance. It is believed that the outer satellite is situated at a distance of about twelve thousand miles from the surface of Mars, while the inner satellite is at a distance of only about three thousand five hundred miles. The outer moon revolves around Mars in about thirty and one-quarter hours; but the inner one completes its revolution in less than eight hours. Hence the Martians, if there be any, must see the inner moon rise and set twice in the course of a single night; but, what is more curious, its motion must be from west to east, and not, as such motions usually appear, from east to west. This arises from the great rapidity with which the satellite travels; its motion in one direction being much greater than the apparent motion of the heavens in the opposite direction.

THE ORIGIN OF STORMS.—Professor Elias Loomis, of Yale College, lately read before the National Academy of Sciences a paper on the origin and development of storms, which leads to some interesting facts. He has prepared a table of the date, barometric condition, and place of origin of all the more violent storms occurring in America during the period between September, 1872, and May, 1874. Of these forty-four storms, thirty-two occurred during the five months from June to September.

It seems that the observations of the United States Signal Service establish the very starting place of the wind, "which bloweth where it listeth." This table shows that two of these storms apparently came from the Pacific Ocean, four others from nearly the same locality; one from Oregon and one from Utah that is, eight appear to have had their origin on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. Of the thirty-six remaining cases, seven appear to have originated north of Montana, five in Montana, two in Wyoming, two in Colorado, and five in New Mexico; that is, twenty-one appear to have originated upon or very near to the chain of Rocky Mountains. Seven other cases appear to have originated west of the meridian of 95° from Greenwich, and six others west of

the meridian of 83° . We thus see that our great storms are not confined in their origin to any particular locality, but half of them originate upon or very near the chain of Rocky Mountains. More than two-thirds of the whole number originate north of latitude 36° .

Areas of high barometer are regarded as one of the causes, and generally the most important cause of the storm which succeeds. Two such areas of high barometer create a tendency of the air toward an intermediate point, and the currents thus set in motion are deflected to the right by the earth's rotation, whence results a diminished pressure over the central area. This diminished pressure causes a still stronger inward flow of the air, which results in a still greater depression of the barometer. Since the air presses in on all sides towards this area of low barometer, the area tends to assume an oval form, which may become sensibly circular if the winds are very violent, and the centrifugal force resulting from this revolving motion causes a still further depression of the barometer. This partial vacuum would be soon filled, and the inward movement of the air would cease were

it not for an upward motion by which the inflowing air escapes. The air in its upward motion, carrying with it a large amount of aqueous vapor is cooled, and its vapor is condensed, producing rain. The heat which is liberated by the condensation of this vapor causes a further expansion of the air, and increases the force of the inward movement of the wind. Rain is then one of the circumstances which increases the force of a storm, and it invariably attends storms when they have attained to considerable violence.

After an area of low barometer has been formed, it soon begins to change its position. This movement appears to be mainly determined by the same causes which control the general circulation of the atmosphere. Throughout the United States the average annual progress of the wind is from west to east, and this movement is determined by causes which are general in their operation, and can not be permanently changed by the influence of local storms.

It is this knowledge of the circular and onward motion of storms that forms the basis for our weather prophecies, which are now so uniformly reliable.

RELIGIOUS.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—The native Protestant Churches of France have within the past year suffered several severe reverses, and have, on this account, become the subject of deep interest to all lovers of the evangelical cause. From a recent letter written by the learned Parisian preacher and theological professor, Dr. Pressensé, whose works have been republished in part by our Book Concern, and have had a wide circulation, especially among Methodists, so much may be learned of the condition of French Protestantism that our readers will undoubtedly thank us for the lengthy extract we here make from this letter:

"You are aware that the union of the Evangelical of France comprehends more than forty Churches scattered over the country, and a large number of mission stations. They are rapidly multiplying, so zealously is the

work of propagandism carried on among the Catholics. These Churches were founded in consequence of the secession of M. Frédéric Monod and M. Agénor de Gasparin from the National Church, when in the Synod of 1848 that Church refused to accept, as the basis of its constitution, a profession of the evangelical faith. From that time the union of *independent* Churches has gone on growing, and has become an important center of influence in the nation. It has been the boldest champion of the voluntary principle, with all its consequences, and its decline would be a great loss to the French Reformation, and would check the advance of those principles which must govern the future. This union of independent Churches has lately seen a diminution in its small and courageous phalanx; it has been saddened by the defection of several of its pastors—men of eminence, like M. Jean Bost,

the founder of the philanthropic institutions of Laforce; M. Theodore Monod, the son of one of the very founders of the union; and M. Bersier, one of the most distinguished and popular preachers. Nor is this all. Besides the defection of those well-known brethren, M. Bersier has entered on a vigorous controversy against the principle of our Churches openly advocating universalistic principles. All the journals of the National Church seized this opportunity to trumpet abroad that the voluntary principle was dead and buried. It will be easily understood that after these painful incidents the Synod of Lyons met under a prevailing sense of sadness, and that its session assumed peculiar importance in circumstances of such gravity. It was opened on the 25th of October by an address which embraced the entire aspect of the present political situation in France. The speaker endeavored to dispel the misconceptions about the voluntary principle which have gained currency of late; he endeavored to show that this principle is the natural outgrowth of the fundamental idea of the Reformation, the very essence of which was the repudiation of all the false authorities which interposed between the Christian soul and its God and Savior, commencing with that ecclesiastical hierarchy, which destroyed all individuality. In his second address the speaker drew a picture of the religious and ecclesiastical position of France, and showed of what vital importance it was that Protestantism should free itself from every thing that lessened its influence and paralyzed its powers in a country where the grossest superstitions are struggling for the mastery of men's minds with the broadest skepticism, which is the natural reaction from their absurdities. He affirmed that the only way to recall French Protestantism to the grandeur of its mission, and to commend it again to the hearts of the people, was for it to espouse frankly the cause of the full liberty of the Church. 'These addresses, which will be printed, were delivered to large assemblies, in which were present members of the National Churches. May the words spoken contribute something to the enlightenment of men's minds at this dark and difficult crisis!'

OLD CATHOLICISM.—The growth of the Old Catholic Church, which only originated in the

strife growing out of the proclamation of the Infallibility dogma by the last Vatican Council, is something wonderful, and shows clearly how great the liberal tendency among the worshipers of Romish Churches. In Italy and Switzerland their strength has developed to important proportions. In Austria they have just obtained State acknowledgment; but it is in Germany, where the struggle between the State and the Ultramontanists has been greatest, that the Old Catholics have their strongest hold, and are fast developing into an ecclesiastical body of vast influence. Its leaders are men of power intellectually and religiously. Several of them are professors at the universities, some in the councils of the State, and not a few among the representatives of the people. One of their ablest men is in the Prussian Diet, and is a speaker of great power. His name is Petri; he is a Doctor of Philosophy, and commands attention as a scholar and as a speaker. The leader of the Ultramontanists in the same place is Reichensperger, a man of extraordinary mental caliber, respected by all Germans, and dreaded by the Liberals because of his oratorical power. Dr. Petri is the only man who does not fear him, and in a recent reply to the Ultramontane champion gained a victory which has made Petri the object of admiration the world over, to say nothing of the great uproar he created in the Prussian House of Representatives. Reichensperger had, in his usual laconic and forcible manner, attacked the ministry for its severe dealings with the Papal devotees in Germany, by the strict enforcement of the "Falk laws"—so the recent enactments for the protection of the rights of the State against intrusions from the ecclesiastics are called—and asserted that, if his party were only trusted, they would afford invaluable services to the State, and give the lie to all the insinuations of the Liberals and the Old Catholics. Dr. Petri could not afford so good an opportunity for reply to pass by, and arising promptly he came forward to speak as follows: "Gentlemen," he asked, "shall I remind you of those encyclicals and briefs in which our laws have been pronounced invalid, and our Constitution declared a delusion? Shall I mention the declaration of one of your own leaders at Malines, who said outright that Ultramontanism knows no fath-

er-land but Rome? Is it at the present moment you ask us to give free scope to such a system as this—at the moment when a great and intelligent nation is exposed by that system to the most terrible of conflicts, a civil war? Can you deny it that May 16th, which has shaken France to her foundations, was the work of the Vatican?"

THE NEW LUTHERAN VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—Bible revision is by no means confined to the King James's version, but is as vigorously prosecuted in Germany to bring the great Luther version up to the wants of our times, placing beyond doubt and misinterpretation the many passages of the Scriptures which

our advanced knowledge of Biblical Antiquities and Oriental Archaeology in general enables us to render more understandingly. A commission is at work busily, and it is expected that their task will be completed by or before 1880. The New Testament revision is completed, and is now made use of by the English-speaking commission. Originally the German commission was composed of ten members, but eight additional members have since been selected for their extensive knowledge of the German dialects or for their great familiarity with the Oriental tongues. According to latest accounts the historical books, Psalms, Proverbs, and Isaiah are ready for the press.

CURIOS AND USEFUL.

"INAUGURATE."—A writer in a London periodical tries to account for the use of the word *inaugurate* in place of the good Anglo-Saxon *begin*, in the following paradoxical manner: "Hasty writers say 'inaugurate,' instead of 'begin,' because they are hasty. The short word seems at first sight to take up less room and to waste less time in writing than the long one. But, after due thought, we have reached the conclusion that long words attract weak and preoccupied minds by a force not unlike that of gravitation. The spirit reaches them, or they reach it, more quickly in inverse ratio to the square of the number of syllables. How otherwise can we explain the sesquipedalian words which men use when they speak in public? Possibly, too, the long Latinized words have another advantage: the mind of the speaker or the ready writer can run on a little in advance while 'inaugurate' is being said or written. The misuse of the word may have had its origin in the mere vanity of penny-a-liners; but there are good reasons why senseless talkers and silly scribes should cleave to their beloved 'inaugurate.'"

WOMAN'S MISSION AS SEEN BY A WOMAN OF SENSE.—Womankind is not the same the world over. The women of the Teuton race are in all respects superior to their sisters of the Celtic and Slavic family. There are remarkable

women among the Polish nobility, women whose noble and devoted lives illumine the world's moral horizon with a glorious spectacle, and there are women among the French who have shed luster as brilliant on the literary firmament of modern times as any Frenchmen, but then these are the exceptions, and not the rule. Women, be they Celtic or Slavic, are not what our own wives and sisters are,—the *companions* of man. There is great danger that the Teuton woman will lose her lofty place and fall to the low level of her Aryan sisters of weaker branches. Too many of our girls are over-ambitious and too inappreciative. They do not put value enough on the heaven-born privileges they now enjoy, and seek for a position that would unfit them for the very mission of their sex. In such an hour it is most refreshing to find a lady of Charlotte Mary Yonge's mental ability and moral worth speaking out boldly against those of her sisters who delight to consider themselves "strong-minded," and who would make out that woman is physically as well as mentally the superior creature of all this universe and should take the *lead* of man. "The strong-minded literary woman," says Miss Yonge, "generally writes up woman's perfections and superiority. Her world is a sort of beehive,—all the males drones, and the single sisters doing all the work;" and then very

sensibly puts the searching question, if all this be true, "Where, mentally, has the woman ever been found who produced any great and permanent work? What woman has written an oratorio, or an epic, or built a cathedral?" and adds very truly that the fact not having been accomplished can not be charged to a *lack of education*, but is due solely to her heaven-appointed mission which Miss Yonge thus describes: "I believe, as entirely as any other truth which has been from the beginning, that woman was created as a helpmeet to man. How far she was then on an equality with him no one can pretend to guess; but when the test came, whether the two human beings should pay allegiance to God or to the tempter, it was the woman who was the first to fail and to draw her husband into the same transgression. Thence her punishment of physical weakness and subordination, mitigated by the promise that she should be the means of bringing the Redeemer to renovate the world and break the dominion of Satan."

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.—Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will readily recall the large canvas in the French section of Memorial Hall, depicting in a most striking manner the devotion with which Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, watched over her slaughtered sons, and suffered "neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." Vivid as the scene was made by the brush of the inimitable Georges Becker, one of the great painters of modern France, it needed not the appeal of the artist to arouse our sympathy and adoration for the motherly devotion of Rizpah. We feel that watch to be *natural*. This jealous vigil has its counterpart in the Parsee fathers and mothers who never bury their dead, but deposit the bodies of their departed dear ones in "towers" erected on the loftiest eminence near their town's inclosure, and there watch over them from a distance, until the wild fowls of the air have consumed all the flesh of the loved form, and have left nothing behind but the skeleton, which alone the Parsee considers a fit remain of the departed. A recent correspondent of the *London Times* thus describes the Parsee burying-places, known as the "Towers of Silence," of Bombay: "These towers, erected on a hill which rises above the city, are five in

number, and are built of the hardest black granite, covered with white chunam. The oldest and smallest of the five was constructed two hundred years ago, when the Parsees first settled in Bombay [now their principal dwelling-place]. Three sagris, or houses of prayer, overlook the Towers of Silence, and the principal sagri contains the sacred fire, which is fed day and night with incense and fragrant wood, and never extinguished. Although wholly destitute of ornament, the parapet of each tower possesses an extraordinary coping, which instantly attracts and fascinates the gaze. It is a coping formed, not of dead stone, but of living vultures. After these structures have been once solemnly consecrated, no one, except the corpse-bearers, is allowed to enter, nor is any one permitted to come within thirty feet of the immediate precincts. The dead are laid in open stone coffins, ranged in circles within each massive cylinder. At the approach of a funeral there is a stir among the vultures, and as soon as the bearers have deposited the corpse and retired the birds swoop down upon the body, and leave nothing behind but the skeleton." In answer to the natural objections of a European, an intelligent Parsee thus replied in defense of his Towers of Silence: "We spare no expense in constructing them of the hardest material, and we expose our dead in open stone receptacles, resting on fourteen feet of solid granite, to be dissipated in the speediest possible manner, and without the possibility of polluting the earth or contaminating a single living being dwelling thereon. We form a united body in life, and we are united in death, awaiting that general day of resurrection in which all Parsees believe." In that day they hold that Death will be slain, and the earth, whose elements they regard as so sacred, shall be regenerated and made pure forever.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—It is pleasing to Americans to have the Germans acknowledge themselves now and then as beaten in enterprise and ability by us new-hatched birdlets, who, if we may believe our English cousins, are hardly fledged enough to shift for ourselves. Here arises *Ueber Land und Meer*, one of the best of German monthlies, and tells us that the United States of America is the country for the cheapest and best furniture, and that the fact was proven by comparison at the

Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. And not content with this complimentary statement, the journal goes on to speak at length of our superior workmanship and excellent health-provisions in our furniture. It runs wild over our perforated chairs, settees, etc., and scolds the German for his slow adoption of this valuable invention. Perhaps the Gardner Manufacturing Company will have a word to say about making Yankee ingenuity German property.

PROPAGATION OF HYACINTHS.—The gardener to the University of Berlin has found that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves, and this method would appear to spe-

cially recommend itself where the object in view is to raise a large number of specimens of new rare varieties. The leaves require to be cut off as near to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer, and covered over with a thin layer of sandy leaf mold, in the same way that geraniums are propagated. The saucer having been placed in a greenhouse or frame close to the inner surface of the glass, in eight or nine weeks' time the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry, a sure sign that bulbs are growing out of them. The leaves selected for propagation must be fresh and green, the latest time at which they should be removed from the plant being the close of the flowering season.

LITERATURE.

THE growth of the popular taste in matters of Art, during the last few years, has been at once remarkable and highly gratifying. Of this the really excellent art publications now steadily issuing from the press may be accepted as a result, as they also promise to further promote the same interest in the immediate future. Within the memory of the older half of the people now living, the *comic almanacs* and a few burlesque prints comprised about all of our popular pictorial publications. Since then our illustrated weeklies and monthlies have familiarized all classes with really respectable engravings, which have steadily and rapidly improved in character, and have very greatly elevated the public taste in such matters. Engraving on wood, from being only a form of economical industry, has risen to the character of a fine art, rivaling in excellence steel engraving. But on account of the kind of paper necessarily used in ordinary printing, and also of the methods of performing the press-work, there is a limit to the degree of excellence to which the prints in the ordinary papers and magazines can be carried. This has given occasion for a class of publications devoted especially to the production of really first-class engravings, together with reading matter which shall rival the best of their kind. Among publications of this class a prominent place must

be conceded to *THE ALDINE*, published by *The Aldine Publication Company*, 18 Vesey Street, New York. It is issued in monthly parts of thirty-two pages, folio, with two or three full page steel engravings, and numerous finely executed wood-cuts, all made up in the best style of book making. Its reading matter will compare not unfavorably with that of our best magazines. It is sold only to subscribers, at fifty cents per each monthly number. The bound volumes form an exquisite pictorial gallery. Volume IX, of which two numbers have appeared, began with the year, and will extend over twenty-four numbers.

MOST of our readers have heard of, and some of them have seen, the famous "Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities," in the *Metropolitan Museum of Art*, in the city of New York. This remarkable display of religious and necrological remains, with spoilings of kings' palaces added, gives a kind of object history of the arts and customs that flourished in the island of Cyprus from prehistoric times—probably a thousand years before Christ—down to the Turkish conquest of the island, with the successive and intermingled Phoenician, Egyptian, Greek, and Graeco-Roman civilizations. It is wonderful what tell-tales of their own times are these "potsherds" and broken stones and metallic trinkets, long

since lost among the ruins of cities, or laid away as votive offerings in the tombs and temples, but now dragged to light for our instruction or amusement. Not a few important, and hitherto puzzling, historical questions are effectually solved by these discoveries, and most curious of all the ancient Cypriote language, which became extinct before the beginning of our era—and its ever having existed had been forgotten—has been revived and interpreted by these discoveries.

The maker of this collection, General Louis Palma di Cesnola, was from 1865 to 1875 American Consul for Cyprus, during which time, with the passion of a genuine archeologist, he exhumed these relics from the buried ruins of the cities and temples and palaces and tombs of that island. For prudential reasons, while he remained on the island, he refrained from publishing the story of his fruitful researches; but now that he has come away that restraint is removed, and accordingly we have his thoroughly prepared narrative of his ten years' labor and its remarkable results, in a finely printed and illustrated volume, just issued by Harper & Brothers.* The value of such a book can be fully appreciated only by specialists in that department of archaeology, and yet it will be read with lively interest by thousands who would not pretend to such learning. As the remains here described belong largely to the department of ceramics, the appearance of the book just at the flood-tide of the prevailing mania over this department of art is especially timely.

IT is becoming more and more evident that it is quite impossible for the average citizen to master for himself all the great subjects with which he is interested, and concerning which he will be called upon to form opinions by which to direct his own actions. Of the many subjects that thus demand his attention that of popular education is at once a very broad and complicated one, and yet it comes home to every household. The next best thing to an exhaustive study of such a theme is a *résumé* of its chief points—its principles and facts, collected and set in order by com-

* CYPRUS: Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in the Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola, with maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 450.

petent hands. All this we find undertaken and accomplished in a work of encyclopedic character and proportions, just issued by Steiger, of New York, edited by Messrs. Kiddie and Schem.* The work has the appearance of having been most thoroughly and conscientiously written and edited, while the printers and binders have given it a form and dress worthy of its inner substance. More than eighty pens have been employed in the preparation of its articles, made up largely from the ablest teachers and school officers in the land, and also comprising a considerable number of our best known writers for the press. The names of the editors are a guarantee to the public of the character of the work; and as most of the separate articles have been written by some one specially conversant with the subject in hand, the reader is thus brought into immediate contact with the best authority and the ripest thought respecting the special theme of his inquiries. It would, indeed, be the occasion for great rejoicing if this book could not only be in the hands of all those of the various classes named, but also of those for whose information it is offered. It is sold only by subscription; price, five dollars. William P. Lyon, P. O. Box 5,310, New York, Agent for New York and vicinity.

GIVEN logical sincerity and real religiousness of character, and there need be very little misgiving respecting the outcome of freethinking upon philosophico-religious subjects. Accordingly we have not been alarmed on account of the published lucubrations of the author of "Analytical Processes, or the Primary Principles of Philosophy," and also of "Evolution and Progress, an Exposition and Defense," though he was known to be a Methodist minister and an evangelical pastor—only we would deprecate his substituting his "thinkings" for the plain statements of the Gospel in his ministrations to his congregations; and so we are not at all disquieted at

* THE CYCLOPEDIA OF EDUCATION. A Dictionary of Information for the Use of Teachers, School Officers, Parents, and Others. Edited by Henry Kiddie, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York, and Alexander J. Schem, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools. New York: E. Steiger. London: Sampson Low & Co. Imperial octavo. Pp. 868. Analytical Index, pp. xvii.

the appearance of still a third volume* from the same hand, in the further discussion of the same general subject. In this last he discourses on *Christian Conception and Experience*, and in it he says some very good things, and some that appear, to our thinking, fanciful and unreal. His observations on the use of religious ideals are especially good. His philosophizing on the *rationale* of the higher Christian doctrines are less satisfactory. Some good things are said on the subject of *Christian Experience*, though his attempt to subject such things to a "scientific method" is, of necessity, a failure. We commend the reading of Mr. Gill's books to the thoughtful. Probably nobody would agree with him at all points; but they will provoke thought and quicken both the mind and heart of the reader.

"THE culture of beauty is every-where a legitimate art." With this sentence opens a

new book now before us; and it is at once a vindication of its own right to be, and of our notice of it in these columns. The book, Mrs. H. R. Haweis's *Art of Beauty*,[†] and its make up and dress also vindicates its title to the epithet, *The Book of Beauty*, for it is beautiful alike in paper, pictures, and letters, and as to some of its copies, also in its binding. There is no doubt a morality in dress which may be violated about equally, as perhaps about alike frequently, by excess and by neglect. To know to do, and what to leave undone, how far to seek for ornamentation and wherein to consult "modesty of apparel," is a not unimportant matter in the ethics of life—the *minor moralities*. An intelligent and discriminating reading of the book will surely help in that duty. A large part of this volume first appeared in *St. Paul's Magazine* (London), and was, if we mistake not, reproduced in *Harper's Bazar*.

EX CATHEDRA.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

WE endeavor, in our monthly summaries of "Foreign Affairs," to present to our readers some of the most considerable and interesting of the things occurring on the other side of the ocean. But so rapid are the changes, and of such vast proportions the transactions going forward, sometimes "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but more commonly silently and "not by observation," that only a voluminous chronicler can record the whole of them. As seen from our distant point of observation,—the better, perhaps, for its distance,—the drift of events seems to be in the right direction; that is, towards the emancipation and betterment of the great commonalties of humanity. This has seemed to be the outcome of nearly all recent European wars,—since the Crimean, which manifestly was undertaken for the protection of ancient abuses, and in supreme disregard for the de-

mands of the times. The war of 1859, in Italy, whatever may have been the purposes of its chief actor, was the first great military movement in favor of Italian unity and independence. The war between Germany and Austria, which was so suddenly ended at Sadowa, was also a movement in the same direction. The unification of Germany was a measure quite as largely demanded for the benefit of the German people as for the strengthening and aggrandizement of its government. The recent Franco-German war, undertaken in the interests of imperialism, resulted in the emancipation of France and the liberalizing of Germany. The now pending Russo-Turkish war is a specimen conflict of the New against the Old, of the young life and blood of the North throwing itself against the effete barbarism of the old Turkomans, crossed with the worst elements of the crabbled civilization of the Middle Ages.

A survey of all Europe, as it appears to-day,

*CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION AND EXPERIENCE. By Rev. William I. Gill, A. M., Author of "Analytical Processes" and "Evolution and Progress." New York: Authors' Publishing Company. 12mo. Pp. 238. \$1.00.

†THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis, Author of "Chaucer for Children." Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 298.

is highly interesting and, on the whole, full of encouragement. We only glance at the Iberian Peninsula, which still slumbers, oppressed with the nightmare of the past; though some recent struggles,—suppressed, indeed, for the time,—seem to promise an awakening in the not remote future. Passing beyond the Alps, Italy stands forth a consolidated nation, with liberal constitutional government and entire religious freedom, and with a dominant political sentiment in favor of personal liberty among all classes of persons. Here the revolution of the last twenty years has been equally wonderful and wide; and, strangest of all, the emancipated victims of ages of oppression appear to comprehend the great problem of liberty regulated by law.

France has been for a hundred years shaken with political earthquakes, and deluged with volcanic eruptions of intestine fire, and yet in all this there has been a steady progress toward free institutions, and in favor of the proper recognition of popular and individual rights. The present, third, generation that has grown up among these struggles, now have the affairs of that great country in hand; and, both because they love freedom for its own sake and because only as it is a free country can France be a happy and prosperous one, the most sober of her statesmen are her most pronounced Republicans. There is ground for the hope that for France the long night of conflict and blood is giving place to a clear and joyous day, the reign of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

Germany has become the greatest of the European powers; but it is remarkable that side by side with the advancement of her military and political power has gone forward the growth of popular intelligence, of liberal sentiments, alike with the rulers and the masses, and the replacing of the old ecclesiasticism by a broad freedom of religious thought and action. The extinction of the multitude of petty principalities and kingdoms, and the consolidation of the empire into a single stable government, has operated as favorably to the people as to the governing dynasty. Germany is rich and powerful because she knows how to protect the liberties of her own citizens. Should she relapse into despotism, of which there seems to be no danger, her destruction or decay would date from that hour.

The same tendencies, though not so far ad-

vanced, may be seen in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Austria proper, after lying for ages under the double oppression of the traditional misrule of the Hapsburg dynasty, and the very worst form of Ultramontane Catholicism, appears to have discovered that her best interests lie in the direction of repudiating her old traditions and falling into the advancing column of the free nations of Europe. The *cordat* with the Vatican is quietly laid aside, and religious freedom, more or less complete, is established throughout the empire. Hungary, released from the bondage of ages, is erected into a self-governing kingdom, and despite the petulant murmurings of its old, honored, but impracticable leader, Kossuth, finds her own freedom best secured in her connection with the realm of Francis Joseph. A better form of freedom than that for which such men as Kosuth and Kosciusko contended is that to which the peoples of most parts of Europe are attaining. This is for the peoples, that was for the chiefs and nobles; this asks for all alike, and freely grants to others, whether classes or nationalities, whatever it asks for its own.

The eyes of the world are just now turned to the two remotest European empires,—now engaged in sanguinary strife. To the merely superficial observer this conflict may appear only a conflict inspired by ambition and carried on by cunning and brute force. But there is a great principle underlying and directing the whole of it. The Slavonic race is the newest in its civilization of all the families of Europe; and, in the face of the most formidable disadvantages, it has long been steadily, though slowly, coming to the front. The heel of the Moslems has borne heavily upon it for four hundred years, but despite all this there has been a steady increase and progress. In that time Russia has grown to be a first-class power; and to her honor it may be said that she is not indifferent to the sufferings of her kindred under the heavy hand of the Turk. The conflict between Russia and Turkey is one growing out of implacable differences of blood and religion and civilization and, as well, of traditional antagonisms. It may submit to a truce or an armistice; but a substantial peace is impossible without an assimilation, which seems to be equally impossible. The end of the conflict can not be very far off, and the

only permanent settlement possible must include the extinction of the Turkish power in Europe. That power never has had any moral basis. It began by conquest and has been prolonged by rapine, and its four hundred years of violence has neither mitigated the cruelty of the spoilers nor crushed out the spirits of the oppressed. It would seem to be about time that that "abomination of desolation" should come to an end. Permitted to work out their own destiny, the Slavonian provinces of Eastern Europe are quite capable of adopting their own forms of government and directing their own affairs. Let but the Turks be driven beyond the Bosphorus, there would at once arise a vast and powerful state, empire, or confederation, instinct with new life, and in full sympathy with the best and most progressive ideas of the West,—intelligent, Christian, and popular.

The Greek nation has existed, as a people, from the days of fables, and it is perhaps to-day the best defined nationality of blood and race in all Europe. After long ages of enslavement, it was permitted only a few short years ago to have the nucleus of a government, though with a very small territory, while the great mass of the people of that race, with their properly Grecian homes, were relegated to the tender mercies of their Moslem rulers. But evidently the end of all this draws near. The rule of brute force, so long maintained, must soon give way before the better influences of the age. Above all the hills of the Greece of classic times the Moslem vultures must succumb to the eagle of the Pindus. The restoration to freedom and national autonomy of the Greek nation is evidently among the things very soon to be evolved from the womb of the future.

The evident mission of Russia in this great work for the emancipation of oppressed nationalities and enslaved peoples is, in view of her own despotic form of government, most remarkable. And yet such examples are not especially rare in the history of nations. Both the Persian and the Macedonian conquerors were propagandists of freedom, because they both cast down and destroyed the older forms of governments by which the people were held in bondage. Even the wars of the first Napoleon, though prosecuted from the basest instincts of personal and national ambition, rendered a

good service by breaking up the well-conditioned tyrannies of Europe and then failing to build up permanently a colossal despotism in their stead. The Russian Empire is full of vitality, and has excellent materials and conditions for expansion and elevation. She has a growing civilization, into which the leaven of Christianity has entered and is spreading, and is no doubt destined to leaven the whole lump. She feels, too, that she has a mission; that, as the principal representative of the Slavonian nationalities, the right and the duty of achieving their redemption are hers; and in the spirit of this conviction she is and must be invincible. Without ignoring the faultiness of the Muscovite government and rulers and people, one may clearly see signs that through that colossal Empire of the North is to be effected the deliverance of Eastern Europe from the blighting despotism of the Moslems; and therefore the lovers of the right and the friends of popular freedom and of Christian civilization must wish her God speed.

But strangest and most anomalous of all is the position of Great Britain in respect to these things. In its domestic government and institutions that nation enjoys a degree of freedom paralleled nowhere else in Europe. Its people are very largely devoted friends of liberty, and they have, especially in their literature, and in the noble utterances of their statesmen and orators, made the whole world their debtors. And yet, strange to say, British diplomacy has all along been, as it is to-day, the apologist and protector of the worst forms of abuses. Britain conquered India, and made it a harvest-field for the spoiler,—but would not permit it to be made Christian, lest the nefarious practices of the plunderers should be reproved. She not only resisted the first Napoleon, as she had a right to do by the laws of self-protection, but, having conquered him, she assisted to reconstruct throughout Europe, as far as possible, all the hoary abuses that he had overthrown. Her Indian merchants having found it to their profit to poison and debauch the people of China with opium, against which the rulers of that heathen empire set themselves, British diplomacy, enforced by British cannon, compelled the "Heathen Chinee" to accept the poisonous drug from the hands of those Christian (?) traders,—and that crying abuse continues till to-day, unchecked by the Christian

sentiment of the British nation. To pass over all else, we have but to remember the attitude of that government towards our country during our civil war,—a war in which the least astute could see that the whole animus of the conflict was related to the institution of slavery,—when, true to its own traditions, Great Britain as a government gave the great weight of her moral influence to the side of the slave-holders. She is therefore quite consistent with her own history in championing the cause of the Turks in the present crisis. And as she has been uniformly on the wrong side in all the past, so her present attitude is an indirect evidence of the goodness of the cause against which she stands arrayed. We are certain, however, that the government now, as in many former instances, misrepresents and betrays the better and the abounding sentiments of the nation; and, as in the case of our troubles, that better sentiment was strong enough to resist the unfriendly purposes of the government towards us, so we trust it will suffice to save the nation from the guilt and shame of upholding and perpetuating the abominations of Turkish misrule over the Christians of Eastern Europe.

HOW THE DOCTORS DISAGREE.

READING the *Christian Union* (Beecher's paper), a few days ago, we fell upon a brief notice of the passing over of a late Congregational minister to the Episcopal Church, which seemed to us a matter of but little interest to any body beyond the private circle of the party immediately concerned. But the closing sentence of the paragraph was of a more general application. It was after this wise:

"The 'roomiest' Church will have eventually the greatest strength, in men as well as in numbers."

All this sounded in our ears very much like a conundrum, and we were not quite sure that we had rightly guessed its meaning, when, only a short time afterwards, in reading the Bible, we fell upon a passage that seemed to be somewhat like it, and yet still more unlike it. It reads;

"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereto."

Query. Is the "roomy Church," referred to in the former of these extracts, the objective point of the "wide gate" and "broad way" of the latter one? We pause for a reply, and while waiting will tell a little story.

The Rev. John M. Mason, of New York—a pulpit celebrity of half a century ago—had for a long time as a member of his congregation the scarcely less celebrated Dr. Samuel Mitchell. The latter at length passed over to the Universalists; and not long after that event the two friends met again, when Mitchell remarked playfully to his old pastor, "Doctor, I have quit your ministry; you gave us a terribly hard road by which to get to heaven." "Have you, indeed?" replied Dr. Mason. "Then let me say to you that while your new road may be an easier one to travel, I fear it will have a *hell* of an ending." Ministers were accustomed to use that kind of words fifty years ago.

MORE HERESY.

THE January number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* has but a single reference to the REPOSITORY, or its editor, against the five or six in the last preceding issue. But this one is to us even more a puzzle than all of the former lot together. After repeating the stale charge that we "abolished the resurrection of the body" in the *Advocate*, he adds that we have "abolished the day of judgment in the REPOSITORY." In respect to the former of these charges we simply repeat that we hold no article of faith more firmly than that of "everlasting life after death," and that there is to be a "resurrection of the body;" though it may be that our understanding of what "the body" is may differ from that of either the Swedenborgians or the Millennarians. But why it should be intimated that we do not believe in a "day of judgment" we are unable to guess; for we believe in nothing more firmly, and are quite certain that we have never uttered any thing contrary to such a belief. It is not fair to hold us personally responsible for somebody else's having called us "the greatest editor in Methodism," and that too while Dr. Whedon was of the class with whom the damaging comparison was made. We neither said the naughty thing nor procured it to be said.